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STANZAS TO M. E. S.

There's beauty decks the evening sky,
When stars are sparkling there;
Sending their joyous minstrelsy,
Along the midnight air.

There's beauty in the early blush,
That paints the cheek of Spring,
When wintry storms begin to hush,
And birds begin to sing.

By every vale, and tinkling stream,
And on the mountain height,
Pervading beauty, like a dream,
Enthralls me with delight!

Earth, and the treasure-wrecking sea
Yield many a flashing gem;
But all—all yield, alike to thee,
My heart's fond diadem!

'Tis not thy winsome form and face,
Thy mirth-encircling eye,
Thy step of captivating grace,
That binds such witchery.

'Tis not that silver voice of thine
That stirs the s'umb'ring strings
Of this enamored heart of mine,
And such deep magic flings!

Oh! no, these charms let *others* praise,
To mental beauty blind,
But here's the tribute of my lays,—
I love thee for thy mind!

Andersontown, Ia. JUNIATA.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

BUGABOO HALL.

A MINOR ROMANCE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

The mansion house of the Keplinger family, situated in one of the most fertile counties of Pennsylvania, was a large brick building, measuring, if my recollections do not deceive me, ninety-five feet in front, fifty-five in *depth*, and sixty-three in height, from the earth to the eves. This dwelling consisted of three stories, with perhaps about ten rooms on each floor, not to speak of the kitchen and other offices, which were under different roofs. The front of the main building was profusely decorated with narrow windows, each window surmounted by a cornice of white stone. As may often be observed in old fashioned houses, the bricks were of different colors; those which presented the ends externally, were of a dark purple, and the others being of the ordinary red, the whole exhibited a peculiar motley aspect, which, in former times was thought to be in exceedingly good taste. But the beauty and splendor of this mansion were not immediately discoverable from the high-road, which was half a mile distant, for an envious clump of walnuts and sycamores interposed their branches, and prevented the traveller from enjoying as rare a specimen of architecture as might easily be met with, in that district, or any other.

A large piece of ground in front of the house was surrounded by rough palings, and denominated *the garden*;—but it were a grievous mistake to suppose that the soil was idly appropriated to gaudy parterres, vine covered arbors, broad gravelled walks, or any similar indications of nonsensical luxury. No;—the whole tract was studded with *cabbages*;—leaving merely a few narrow path-ways for the convenience of pruning and gathering in the exquisite vegetable. In these horticultural pursuits, Mr. Jacob Keplinger, the present incumbent of the property, found his principal and most agreeable occupation. In all the preparations of the *kraut* for his table no other hands than his own were to be employed; for he often asserted that the utmost skill and experience were requisite to give that celebrated dish its genuine and appropriate flavor.

Mr. Keplinger's father had emigrated from Saxony, and Jacob himself retained some traces of this origin in his dialect and person. He was not, however, one of your ordinary fat Dutch figures, with expansive hips, short legs, and a round moon-like face. By no means:—Mr. Jacob Keplinger was a very thin man, five feet and a half high, with small legs, knees inclining inward, and broad flat feet. His supporters were, in shape, not unlike reaping hooks, and when, with his peculiar gate, he walked through a field of clover, throwing out his sharp, crooked shins on either side, you might have taken him for a patent mowing machine. His visage was narrow, his features were large, his eyes not overly expressive, his deportment was grave, and the tones of his voice were querulous.

Mr. Jacob Keplinger had three children married;—and these, being settled at a distance from the scene of action, do not figure in this history. His youngest daughter, Maria, was the only one of his offspring who remained at home. He had adopted a son and daughter, however; namely, Stephen and Rebecca Hartzog, the orphan children of his wife's brother. It was rumored that Mr. Keplinger, who had been his deceased brother-in-law's executor, had not acted a fair part in the management of that business, and although the said deceased was supposed to have left some considerable amount of cash, his orphans were entirely dependent on Mr. Keplinger. The affection which subsisted between the young people, Maria, Stephen and Rebecca was fraternal, sisterly and perhaps something more, for the two former had looked and sighed at each other to some purpose. Stephen was now a stout, well-proportioned youth of three and twenty, or thereabouts, and Maria was a very snug girl of eighteen.

Unluckily for Maria, her love depended "on the choice of friends," and Mr. Jacob Keplinger, not approving of Stephen for a son-in-law, as he intended his daughter for another market, kicked Mr. Hartzog out of his house, one afternoon about three o'clock,—when the latter had been detected in some amatory advances, which, for the first time, awakened the old gentleman's suspicions. Stephen disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for some time afterward. At length, Mr. Keplinger received intelligence that his nephew was dead.

The family now consisted only of Mr. Keplinger himself, Maria, Rebecca, Mr. Simeon Glackin, (a young schoolmaster, who boarded with them; as the play bills say, "in love with Rebecca,") and Fritz Wernwag, a man servant. It may be conceived that a very small portion of the extensive mansion was sufficient to accommodate this limited number of inhabitants. Many an attic chamber had not been visited for years, and no wonder, for some of those rooms were most abominably haunted. For this reason, the dwelling of the Keplingers was generally designated in the neighborhood as "*Bugaboo Hall*." Let no one quarrel with the orthography;—that was the name of the place, and we have no right to alter it.

It was on the evening of a holyday that Mr. Keplinger entertained a visiter who was thrice welcome, as being that suitor of Maria who alone had received the paternal sanction. This person's name was Gotleib Bantz; a youth in no respect distinguishable from scores of white-eyed, broad-faced, sleepy-looking fellows, who may be seen daily in a Dutch *Gast Haus*, seated before a dish of chopped cabbage with bacon gravy. That he was less acceptable to Maria than to her papa we have some reason to suspect; but old Keplinger was one of those daddies who deserve the gratitude of all novel writers;—for, if it were not for tyrannical daddies, these artists would often be in want of stuff to work with.

Supper was served;—kraut and souze, ponhoss and tangle-breeches;—soup made of pork, boiled in cow's milk, and seasoned with horseradish;—these and other dainties for which German gastronomers are celebrated, were demolished by old Keplinger and young Bantz with amazing celerity, and the banquet drew near its conclusion, when Fritz Wernwag rushed into the apartment, his hair stiffened by horror and sticking out around his head, like the *glory*, represented by coarse divergent lines, in some Dutch pictures of saints.

"O meister!—meister!" exclaimed Fritz, "der spukes!—der tefil!"

Mr. Keplinger had that moment filled his mouth with hashed liver, and that kind of odoriferous cheese which none but a Dutchman has resolution enough to approach;—of course, he was unable to utter a single Dutch accent,—for the pronunciation of that language requires a clear throat and unincumbered fauces. The process of mastication, however, was suspended, and the eyes of Keplinger and Bantz were dilated to the size of soup-dishes, as they gazed at the terror-stricken Fritz. Mr. Glackin, the school-master, who also sat at the table, was the first of the company who had presence of mind, or freedom of jaws, to inquire into the cause of Wernwag's alarm. But all the answer which could be obtained from the agitated domestic was "der spukes!—der tefil!—O mein lort, der spukes, der tefil!"

At that instant, Maria Keplinger and Rebecca Hartzog entered the room: their hair dishevelled, and their vestments disarranged: their faces pale as napkins, and their eyes full of unutterable terror.

"Dish ish too pad!" cried Mr. Keplinger, who had prematurely swallowed his mouthful, "Ish git no goot of mein-supper. What, pe tam, ish der matter?"

"Oh father!—there's a ghost,—a spirit!" cried Maria.

"Tam nonsense!" said Mr. Keplinger.

"Come and see, sir;—in the room where Mr. Bantz generally sleeps."

"Bah!—dat ish all consheet. Mishter Glackin might go if he choose. Ish nichs pelieve in der tam spukes."

"Come then, Bantz," said Mr. Glackin, "let us go and examine the apartment."

Bantz stared, made no answer, and did not stir from his seat. Just then, the tramping of heavy feet was heard over head, and presently there came another sound resembling that produced by the rolling of a heavy cannon-ball over a floor.

"Come Fritz," said Mr. Glackin, "you and I will go and see what's the matter."

"Ouk, ne,—no," answered Fritz, "ish der tefil."

"Well then, I suppose I must go by myself," said Glackin, seizing the only light in the room, and proceeding to the great stair-case, which conducted from the hall to the upper stories. The remainder of the company being left in total darkness, awaited the result with anxiety. When Glackin had been gone about five minutes, the door suddenly flew open, and in stalked one of the most hideous apparitions that ever struck terror into the soul of mortal. The head was enveloped in a mass of blue fire, which served to make the whole figure visible. The face was black, the eyes literally blazed in their sockets, the mouth was about six inches in latitude, and from this opening proceeded teeth, or rather tushes, of an enormous length. The whole body was covered with scales, and the feet were armed with frightful claws that resembled the talons of some gigantic bird.

On the first appearance of this spectre, Fritz Wernwag dropped senseless, and the two young ladies fled from the apartment. Bantz remained as motionless in his seat as though he had been fastened by screws or rivets. Mr. Keplinger started up and retreated backward in a recess between the wall and an immense old-fashioned bureau. The ghost followed, catching up in his passage a huge platter of milk soup from the table. Keplinger stood in his niche, shaking like a Delaware invalid in a fit of the ague, his eyes distended, his mouth open, his hands protruded, and his knees smiting together.

"You scoundrel!—you doe't believe in spukes, eh?" cried the apparition, brandishing the vessel of soup with a menacing attitude.

"Oh yaw, myneer;—yaw, yaw!—I doesh pelieve, I doesh indeed!" exclaimed the unlucky Jacob, writhing in an agony of affright.

But the enraged phantom was not to be conciliated so easily. Drawing back its arms to give full force to the projection, it sent the wooden turrene, with its unctuous contents, full into Keplinger's face. The recipient, supposing himself slain, quietly resigned himself to his fate, like Cæsar, and sunk back into his corner without a struggle. Returning from this on-slaught, the victorious spectre had occasion to pass behind the chair of Mr. Gotleib Bantz, who still sat, motionless in limb and feature, like an excellent piece of carved work. Observing which, his ghostship unceremoniously kicked away the seat and lodged the paralyzed youth on the floor, in a recumbent, (and not a very graceful,) posture.

Having performed these feats, the mysterious being made his exit by the same passage which had given him entrance. Some minutes after, Mr. Glackin returned with the candle, and observed Fritz Wernwag lying at full length in a state of utter insensibility; Bantz, supported on his two elbows, with his face upward, was reclining at an angle of about thirty degrees with the horizon, his head turned between his shoulders, and his eyes rather more vacant than usual. Mr. Keplinger was sitting in the corner, with his back against the wall, and exhibited scarcely any signs of vitality. The school-master tried some of the most approved methods for restoring his faculties, such as wringing him by the nose, shaking him by the shoulders, &c. but finding these modes of resuscitation unavailing, he was obliged to make use of a *coup de* [illegible] the old gentleman's person. This application had the desired effect;—the fleeting senses returned, and he looked forth from their cavities, in the upper part of Mr. Keplinger's visage.

"Ah, Mishter Glackin," said the afflicted senior, "Ish peen murteret!—all coveret mit plood, Mishter Glackin. Der tam spukes hash kilt me pehint my pack. All coveret mit plood!"

The fact was, Mr. Keplinger's person and garments had been completely saturated, but happily with soup, and not with blood; and when he had been made sensible of the difference, by the arguments of the teacher and his own examinations, he was almost frantic with the excess of joy. Becoming a little more composed, he lavished various abusive epithets on the ghost, which he accused of taking unfair advantages in combat, and threatened it with the most exemplary chastisement, if he should ever be so happy as to meet with it again. By this time, Gotleib and Fritz had also recovered, and the ladies having returned to the room, Mr. Glackin gave an account of his expedition, stating that he had searched all the upper chambers without meeting with any thing suspicious.

"Ah, der tevlish spukes lodged you," remarked Mr. Keplinger, "while you wash up dere mit him, he wash here mit us. I knowsh him next time, pe tam."

As bed time approached, an acute observer might have perceived some signs of uneasiness, both in Mr. Keplinger and his intended son-in-law, Mr. Gotleib Bantz. The former made a suggestion which amounted to so much,—that as the spirit was not scrupulous in conducting himself according to the rules of honorable warfare, and as he might possibly attempt farther mischief in the night, it would be a judicious measure for the three gentlemen, Keplinger, Glackin and Bantz, to sleep in the same apartment. By this means, mutual protection could be afforded in a case of emergency. A room was accordingly prepared, with three single beds or as many cot-bedsteads.

The family had retired. Keplinger and Bantz were wrapped in profound slumber, and the perils of the evening were forgotten; when the former was aroused by a sudden report, which sounded like the explosion of a shooting cracker. His first perceptions on waking, were a sense of heat in his face, and a smell of brimstone; both of which circumstances prepared his mind for some supernatural demonstration. On turning his eyes, he discovered, (by the dim light of a dying taper, which stood in the chimney) his long boots, which he had pulled off that night, and which had been left standing by the side of the bed,—walking off spontaneously, like Homer's tripods. They seemed to be making their way to the door, and Keplinger, for the time, appeared to be less astounded at the prodigy than apprehensive of the loss of his favorite calfskins. As they moved over the floor, he called out to Glackin, who lodged in the bed nearest the entrance:—

"Shtop tem poots, Mishter Glackin, shtop tem poots!"

But Glackin was apparently in too sound a sleep to hear this request, and just as the runaways had cleared the portal, Mr. Keplinger started up for the pursuit. But, at the moment he reached the door, he encountered a figure in the exact similitude of his deceased nephew, Stephen Hartzog. By the feeble light of the taper, the features presented the appearance of having been moulded in plaster;—they were so perfectly white and immovable. The person, (if a ghost may be properly said to have a person,) was wrapped in white drapery from the shoulders to the feet. Confronted by this starting object, Keplinger retreated precipitately to his bed, covered himself head and heels, and remained shivering and sweating like a Thomsonian patient in the steam-bath. In the mean time, notwithstanding some considerable racket, Bantz continued to snore most perseveringly;—for it requires great guns to awaken a Dutchman.

By some means, supernatural or otherwise, bed, bedstead and Bantz were conveyed to the yard of the building, and placed precisely under a spout which conducted the water from the eves;—a smart shower of rain being then falling. I have been informed by one whose veracity it would be a sin to question, that notwithstanding the spout discharged at the rate of three gallons per minute, and the person of Gotleib received the copious effusion, with nothing interposed but a thin counterpane;—his slumbers continued unbroken, and his dreams were probably not a whit less agreeable than usual.

Mr. Keplinger had been wrapped up in the bed-clothes, like a silk-worm in its cocoon, for about half an hour, when he felt something tugging at the quilt, and evidently trying to uncase him. But as the armadillo rolls himself into a ball and resists the hunters by that skilful manœuvre, so did Keplinger wind himself tighter and tighter in his covering. His tormenter, finding it impossible to drive him from his entrenchment, lifted him up with the defensive armor about him, and carried him off in the counterpane, as Cleopatra was carried off in the carpet. It is true, Keplinger was not quite as *silent*, as we may suppose the wily Egyptian was on the occasion referred to, for the former made the whole building resound with his outcries.

"Oh Mishter Glackin!—Mishter Bantz!—Ish murteret agin!—Ish kitnapped!—Ish shtold py der spukes!—Murter!—murter!" &c.

No one came to his assistance;—the captor bore off his prize triumphantly. They proceeded over what seemed an immense space to the captivated. At length they paused;—an overpowering smell of brimstone greeted the olfactories of Keplinger, and venturing to peep out from his fortification in the coverlet, he found himself in total darkness. Here he was laid on the ground, which was insupportably hot.

"Ah I seesh how it ish," sighed Jacob,—"Ise fixed;—Ish gone to der pad place. Dat ish for sheating Stephen and Pecky. Poor Jacob Keplinger, youah raint, youah untun;—and all der cabbages will be kilt py der weeds and varmints!"

About an hour before day-break, the bed on which Gotleib Bantz reposed was re-conveyed, with its occupant, to the chamber from which they had been abstracted; Gotleib's slumbers not having been in the least interrupted by these changes of location, nor by any accompanying inconveniences. Nearly about the same time, Mr. Keplinger, still wrapped up in the bed-quilt, was restored to his pallet;—where he lay motionless till the effulgent daylight poured through the windows of the apartment.

In a remote room of the building, seldom visited by the inhabitants, sat two men, one of whom we shall easily recognise as the school-master, and the other exhibited the corporal figure of Stephen Hartzog.

"Well, this is excellent sport, I confess," said Stephen, "nevertheless I am tired of enacting the part of ghost, and truly I feel some compunction for the tricks I have played on poor old nunky."

"Did you hear him confess to having cheated you and Rebecca, when we laid him in the hot ashes of the kitchen chimney? I begin to have faith in the fiery ordeal."

"Ay;—he thought himself in Tophet, no doubt. By the way, we should have removed the strings from the toes of his boots, and replaced the latter before day-light;—he will be inconsolable for the loss."

"Tut, tut;—that loss is trifling in comparison to another which will come to his knowledge this morning. But did not Bantz endure the watery trial admirably?—never moved a muscle, when we laid him under the spout! If his skin be not made of gum-elastic, I'm no Christian. Well, I must go and finish my part of the performance. Rebecca will let you know my success, when she brings your breakfast."

Mr. Glackin proceeded to the sleeping apartment,—where he found Keplinger at his toilette and Bantz leisurely awaking.

"Oh Mishter Clackin, where hash you peen?" said Jacob; "Ish thrashed der tevlish spukes like plazes. Ish peat him plack and plue mit dese hants, and make him run like blitzen. See how I schweats."

"Schweats!" exclaimed Bantz, who had at length succeeded in opening his eyes; "schweats! shest look at me!"

Keplinger gazed in amazement at the quantity of exudation on Gotleib's bed-clothes,—and Mr. Glackin remarked.—"Ah, Mr. Bantz; I see you are in a dangerous way;—these night sweats are a bad symptom. Better go through a course of mercury, Mr. Bantz."

Just then Maria appeared at the door and gave notice to her father that the pigs had been abstracted from their pens within the night. Keplinger instantly charged the ghost with the theft, and menaced him with a legal process. While he continued to rage and execrate, Rebecca arrived with the news that the poultry had likewise disappeared mysteriously.

"Very coot,—very coot," exclaimed Jacob, "pork and shickens poth goes!—Ish hab satisfactions, pe tam."

Here Fritz Wernwag burst into the room exclaiming, "Oh meister,—der kraut!—der kraut!"

"Ha!—what?" gasped Keplinger, staggering toward his domestic, "der kraut?"

"Gone! shtold!" answered Fritz.

"Den ish shtone dead at once," cried Jacob, dropping into a chair. "How many [illegible] you charge? More as tri parrels of kraut all shtold!—and not one pit left for mein preakfast!"

"Ah Mr. Keplinger," said Glackin, "your own cruelty to your nephew and daughter has brought these misfortunes upon you. I saw the ghost of Stephen this morning, and, ghost as he is, he still vows vengeance unless you allow Maria and threatens to torment you, until you allow his claim. What say you, sir?—if Maria herself is willing to become the spectre's bride, will you give your consent?"

"Let him pring pack mein kraut," said Keplinger, "and he and Maria may do ash dey likes."

"Well said," replied Glackin; "that's liberal;—that's reasonable enough. Come then; put your hand to this paper, and I'll try to produce a settlement of your differences."

Keplinger overlooked the paper and signed it. It was simply the memorandum of an agreement that Stephen Hartzog should marry his daughter. The ink had scarcely dried on the signature, when Stephen himself entered, divested of all his supernatural trappings. Keplinger and Bantz nearly went into convulsions on the spot, but Glackin, with some difficulty, convinced them that no danger was to be apprehended.

"Ah, uncle," said Stephen, unrolling a parchment which he held in his hand. "See;—I have found my father's will,—which was snugly stowed away in a cupboard at the other end of the house. Come;—we'll have a good deal to forgive on either side. Let us accommodate matters. Your kraut, your chickens and ducks are all securely stored in a distant apartment of the cellar. Your boots also will be forthcoming;—if they abscond again, we must have them hanged for deserters. And, uncle, your concealment of this testament may beget some danger to yourself, unless you do full justice to me and my sister."

"That is partly done, already," said Glackin, handing the memorandum to Stephen.

"Very well," answered his friend, "and now, my dear Glackin, I accede to your proposal for Rebecca. You shall find that she is entitled by this instrument, to a small fortune of $5000. I know her mind well enough to insure your acceptance. Ah, Bantz;—my fine fellow,—are you really awake? You shall dance at our wedding to-morrow, if you think proper."

The wedding "came off" to the satisfaction of all parties, Mr. Gotlieb Bantz not excepted. He could bear the chilling disappointments of love as well as the application of cold water. Mr. Keplinger, in the recovery of his kraut, found so much to console him, that during the convivialities of the bridal day, he displayed more than ordinary contentment and good-humor. Henceforth, the Keplinger mansion was the abode of tranquility;—the ghosts became ashamed of their lawless vagaries and ceased to trespass on the premises.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

STANZAS.

There was a time when o'er my dreams
Dark clouds of sorrow hung,
Unknown to me were pleasure's beams—
Their joys were yet unsung.

For then I knew thee not—the bliss—
Of all my vanished hours,
Had perished as the dews that kiss
The op'ning summer flowers.

And tuneless was the harp that woke
In happier times the lay,
And powerless were the lips that spoke
Of pleasures sunbeam ray.

The passing hours to me recall
The friends to memory dear,
As richly o'er life's pages fall
The light of hope once near.

But I have been in distant lands,
Where summer sunbeams fall,
And wandered far o'er foreign strands
Thro' many a ruined hall.

And from those scenes of ruined worth,
I turned to think of thee,
Back to the land that gave me birth,
My thoughts shall quickly flee.

But now around my pathway springs,
Earth's lovely summer flowers,
And sorrow folds her sable wings,
And pleasure courts my bowers.

Philadelphia, July, 1839. J. S. C.

PUNS.

The world's a *printing house*. Our words and thoughts,
And deeds, are *characters* of various sizes;
Each soul is a *compositor*, whose faults
The Levites may *correct*, but Heaven *revises*.
Death is the common *press* from whence being driven,
We're gathered sheet by sheet, and *bound* for Heaven.

From Bentley's Miscellany, for July.

NO SILVER SPOON!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

"Take a spoon, sir."—Miss Edgeworth's "Simple Susan."

It has been, time out of mind, a common saying, that young gentlemen or ladies who come into the world on high days or holidays, fortunate days for the family, or days when unexpected legacies had been received, or wealth realised, were born with silver spoons in their mouths. Nay, in some modern farce a newt abigail declares that such has been her young mistress' luck, that she could not have entered existence with any thing in her throat less valuable than a silver soup ladle! Whether such massive accompaniments are inconvenient to the innocent babes I have no means of ascertaining; but I do think that all mothers who have given birth to such treasures, ought ever after to be treated with high respect. On the list of great and illustrious persons they ought surely only to be placed second to the far famed goose, that laid a golden egg for her mistress daily. I made my appearance a few days earlier than I was expected; and the very morning of my arrival intelligence was brought of the death of an old Uncle Somebody, who died one does not know where, and who had been supposed dead for years, having left my father five thousand pounds a-year. My father and mother, who had been some years married, had long sighed for a baby; nor can it be doubted that, like other folks but moderate yet off in the world, they had also sighed for a little accession of fortune. Two aspirations were thus propitiously realised in one day; and, as I really seemed to make my appearance accompanied by the fortune which I was destined to inherit, it is not surprising that my mother's only brother, a bachelor, Mr. Tidyman Twig, who had undertaken the responsibility of being my godfather, should give me what was intended for a fondling caress, squeeze the breath almost out of my little body, set me howling, and then replacing me in the arms of my nurse, emphatically exclaim. "There, if ever a boy was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, *that's the very boy*."

From this time my father seemed to become a new man; his habits had hitherto been indolent. He was a merchant; but, not having a sufficient capital to enable him to engage in large and immediately profitable speculations, and, being at the same time deficient in the industry and perseverance which so often make a small property expand itself into a large one, he had made up his mind to live upon his moderate income.

Now, however, affairs began to wear a different aspect. He took a suburban villa; he kept his carriage; a well-situated and commodious counting-house was fitted up; and a round, ruddy, active, unexceptionable, *sort of* gentlemanlike partner was daily seated in an inner room, where he represented the moiety of the firm of "Messrs. Goodman and Cute."

Master Twig Goodman (meaning myself) having attained the age of twelve years was to be sent to school; and godpapa having on all eventful occasions taken me rather under his own jurisdiction, he selected the seminary; and, under his protection, and in his own chaise, I was carried to the Rev. Mr. Sloane's; a large, airy, old-fashioned, but cheerful-looking brick building, standing in the midst of a charming garden. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that Godpapa Tidyman did take me under his wing; for my father, as is generally the case with persons of not very strong minds, had flown rather hastily from one extreme to the other, and had latterly become as fussy, fidgetty, over-anxious, and perplexed about his mercantile matters, as he had formerly been passive and even puerile. My poor mother, too, who never had been very strong, found time since she became rich to complain of, and give way to any extent of debility which indolence might require as a veil for its helplessness, or which doctors who devote themselves to ladies' nervous systems might sanction, never seemed to have time to do any thing. She kissed me, and coaxed me, and gave me cakes, and called me pet, darling, and all other endearing names; and then it was evidently quite a relief to her when she again put me into the nurse's arms, and, sinking back on her cushions with a smelling-bottle to her nose, said, "to-morrow."

And thus it was from infancy to boyhood I was indulged and spoiled, and she was always telling me how much she loved me. But then she would check the more natural spirits of my age; my noise was too much for her; and, alas! her love was too little for me. Thus it happened, I believe, that Godpapa Tidyman became to me a sort of papa, and mamma, and godpapa, all in one; and, when he amply and affectionately placed me under Mr. Sloane's care, there certainly was no one in the world so dear to me as himself. I was very happy at Mr. Sloane's. I liked the place and the people; and, above all, my schoolfellows, with whom, however, I certainly did at first involve myself in a little personal annoyance, and entirely through my own egotistical garrulity. I must needs tell them of my first birthday, and the fortune of which I was the unconscious accompaniment. This was nothing; but I told them of the old adage, that with which Godpapa Tidyman had never failed to greet me, and which, caught from him, had daily been echoed by guests of every degree, and by every servant who could take the liberty of addressing me so freely.

Yes, I told all the boys that I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth! How little did I then anticipate the result! From that day to the day of my departure from school, I never failed to be greeted as "*Little spoony*."

But little spoony managed to make his own way,—ay, and without fighting to. I do not say that now and then I had not a skirmish, which ended in a black eye or cracked crown; but it never was my lot to encounter perpetual squabbles and bickerings with those companions with whom I was in hourly intercourse; and the name of a boy's *fighting* his way through a school has always struck me as a most unamiable and unpromising way of beginning life. "Little spoony" was still my nickname; but I had no cause just as applicable to them; and, when I bore mine with good humor, I very soon found that the zest with which it was given had worn off.

Passing rapidly from infancy to boyhood, and thence to maturity, is very like shortening my own life. But I am only skipping, and skipping in the memoirs of a boy is surely highly characteristic. When I had become "young master" at home, and possessed dogs, horses, a cab, and all other advantages usually sported by the only sons of rich merchants, I heard more of the silver spoon than ever. Godpapa Tidyman, when he greeted me, never hid it off his tongue's tip, and certainly, taking it figuratively and metaphorically, when I glanced around at the worldly advantages, comforts, and prospects I possessed, I could not help admitting that something bright had been propitious to my birth; but, whether it was a radiant planet, or a silver spoon, it was quite impossible for me to determine.

And now came the brightest event that ever blessed me under the influence of that silver talisman: I fell in love with youth, beauty, amiability, accomplishments, by, and greatest wonder of all, with a girl of large and independent fortune, and without my being at all aware of it, with the very girl long since chosen for my destined bride by my father, my mother, and, above all, by dear Godpapa Tidyman.

No two people could be happier than we were. My father and her uncle were constantly closetted together,—as old people, I believe, always are on such occasions,—while we spent our mornings rambling through the green lanes of our pretty neighborhood, and in the evening went to some theatre, to which we inveigled my poor mother. Anna Maria was herself motherless. Godpapa Tidyman was in a state of the utmost joy and excitement, lavishing upon my intended the most delicate presents; and on myself he seemed determined to bestow a regular matrimonial outfit,—chests of linen, hampers of wine, packages of china, and a most elegant and useful carriage, with imperials, cap-cases, bonnet-boxes, and I know not what, all out of consideration for Anna Maria.

Nor did he forget the silver forks and *spoons*.

At this time I know not whether my silver spoon melted away; certain it is, that all my bright prospects seemed to vanish one by one. Bankruptcy, that old infirmity of firms, fell heavy on the house of Goodman and Cute. That is, most decidedly on one half of the house; for it was whispered that Cute had been too much for Goodman, and, having well feathered his own nest, had left my father, ay, without a dry hard twig, unless, in his emergency he was so fortunate as to find one in Godpapa Tidyman Twig.

Since the death of my poor mother, who had long since suffered from the worrying indications of an approaching calamity—the untimely knocks and rings, the unseasonable visits of men in low-crowned hats with broad brims and single drab coats; and had pined away and perished even before the lean visage of bankruptcy actually came to stare her in the face; and since her death, my father's health had rapidly declined. Always of an indolent, inactive, and inflammatory habit, he had latterly neglected himself; and utterly unprepared for a reverse of fortune, and deeply hurt by the conduct of his partner Cute, he was unable to endure the blow, and a very few days after the failure, died of apoplexy.

When I met Godpapa Tidyman again, I of course expected to hear nothing but condolence. These were, indeed, lavished on me on account my recent severe family losses, and the excellent old gentleman shed many tears over the memory of his sister and her husband. But, when we came to speak of the failure, to my utter amazement he was full of congratulations, and actually exclaimed,

"Well, my dear godson, I always said you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and you see I was not wrong."

"Not wrong, dear sir!" said I. "Why, my father died a beggar. Everything he possessed in the world must be sold off; and, even then nothing will be raised to provide me with an income adequate to the common necessaries of life."

"Oh! but with your resources——"

"*My resources!* I was so completely in ignorance of the real state of my father's; and, from the expectations held out to me, was so little cautious as to the extent of my expenditure, that every article I possess in the world must be sold off also!"

"Well; and what can that signify?" replied my still placid, and now most incomprehensible Godpapa Tidyman. He paused; and then, with a very knowing look, continued, "Have you forgot Anna Maria?"

"Forget Anna Maria!" cried I, starting from my chair. "Forget *her!* As soon could I forget——"

"There, there, waste no rhapsodies on me. You do not forget *her*; can you suspect that she ceases to remember *you*? That all your vows, all promises, and protestations are cherished in her heart; and that she will rush to your arms, and be proud to replace you in the position of wealth and luxurious comforts in which you were when you first met, and which, with all a lover's fond enthusiasm, you invited her to share?"

"True, I replied. "But—but then, there's nothing to share now; and *she* has. And yet, those sweet blue eyes they never could deceive, so full of—of—of— Do you *really* think she loves me for myself alone?" turning to my placid companion with a forlorn aspect.

"To be sure I do. Go to her at once. Fix your black eyes most intensely on her blue ones; press both her hands in yours; place your lips on her own—her cheek, or any place most accessible at the moment; and return to me in an hour, the happiest man in the world, confessing to me that after all I was right, and that you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. I will wait for you here."

To the feet of the gentle blue eyed Anna Maria flew the impatient Twig Goodman. We have a twice-told tale; and, as the result of the amatory interview must be briefly detailed by the lover to the very sanguine godpapa, we will at least spare one disclosure of an unsatisfactory tale at office.

The young lady had been speechless (so judicious when we have nothing to say that we are not ashamed and afraid to utter). Her blue eyes were invisible, partly from tears, but principally from her pocket-handkerchief; when the kiss was offered it was evaded; and when two hands were outstretched to press hers, a packet was placed in them, evidently containing letters, trinkets, and a picture. The fragile Anna Maria then rose, and tottered out of one door, while the scarcely less fragile Twig Goodman pressed his forehead with his clenched fist, and tottered out of the other!

Godpapa Tidyman was in despair,—that is, for a moment, not in hopeless comfortless despair; he paced the room for a short time, and then, with a smiling countenance, he held out his hand to me, and said,

"Well, after all, I said you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and so you are. The more frequent your disappointments, the greater your luck in the end. I always intended you to inherit my property; [illegible] seemed unimportant, nor did I think it necessary to make a will now; however, everything shall be arranged to your satisfaction; and, though your bargain was not exactly what you could have wished, nor what you once expected, I know you will be satisfied."

I was full of gratitude; and, as he considerately advised me to change the air and scene, and go to some distant watering-place while the sale of my effects was going on, I set off to Brighton, promising to return to him in ten days, when he said his arrangements in my favor would be legally and satisfactorily arranged.

To Brighton I went; and at the end of the week was recalled by a letter, bearing a huge black seal, and written by the lawyer of my dead friend.

Before the will was signed he had died suddenly; the heir-at-law had immediately taken possession of the property, removing from the house all but a few table, and chairs, cracked crockery, knives and forks, and an old japan waiter.

Ou old woman—or rather charwoman, I believe they call them,—was left to do anybody's bidding who might come; and, broken-spirited and weary as I was, I flung myself into a lounge. After much solicitation she promised me a mutton chop, and it was prepared on a very rickety table, and exceeding dirty table cloth.

At length it came; black outside, red inside, and cold gravy. "Mustard," said I; there was none. Pepper, the coarsest and the blackest, was set before me.

"Is there no Harvey's sauce?"

"La, sir! they left no delicacies here."

"Well—it's spoon—a spoon for the gravy."

"Oh, ear me, sir! what could make you ask for such thing as *that*? *There's no silver spoon!*"

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

FLOWERS' INSTRUCTION.

Love to pass the summer hours
Trembling o'er the fields,
Love to gather up the flowers;
Ifth one instruction yields.

Thoughtless pluck not from its stem
Thy smallest one that grows;
It to me a precious gem,
Al wisdom doth disclose.

It is me of a Power divine
Tis made it with nice skill,
Itauhor too, it says to mine,
And dth such truths instil.

It is me that the robe it wears
Was gift from the Lord,
And much more for me He cares,
And thus too, says His Word.

It bids me tho' grief should rend
Thine and trembling heart,
Thou'lt will ever be my Friend,
And deck the poison'd dart.

Go hide the flowers, and He is near
To offer them from harm,
And e made me—so he will hear
And aid me with his arm.

Cornwall Hoe, Ct. EMMA.

Boar-hunting in India.

BY AN OLD FOREST HUNTER.

"I declare is nearly ten o'clock! The sun is already hot enough to broil one's brains into an omelet, and no sign of our scouts returning," said Ciles, pulling out his watch, and returning it to his pocket with an impatient gesture, as we rate the following morning, lounging indolently under the fly of the tent, the *kanauts*[*] of which were raised, and supported on bamboos, so as to form a verandah, and to admit of a free circulation of air.

A substantial breakfast had already been disposed of. Thomas had been dispatched, to ascertain that the street were in good order after yesterday's work; that they had been well groomed, and that no water had been given;—Saddles, bridles, girths, and stirrup-leathers, were looked to and carefully overhauled.—Spear-heads had been carefully sharpened to a degree of keenness; and in three Nimrods having now nothing further to occupy their attention, were waiting, in a feverish state of impatience, for the return of the scouts, who had been despatched, on the previous evening, to gain intelligence of the famous Boar.

The dense shade of the overhanging trees, tempered the heat of the landwind, which sighed through the grove, rendering it cool and refreshing. But the singing sunbeams, which here and there darted through the interstices of the leaves, and sparkling on the glassy surface of the tank, with intense, almost painful, brilliancy; the glimpses of a more open country, which were caught through the vistas of the trees, showing the parched earth glowing like heated copper, and the tall palm-trees twisting like gigantic snakes in the fiery haze, bore ample testimony to the scorching heat of the tropical sun which blazed overhead.

A hundred *coolies*—almost as wild-looking as the animals for which they were to beat—all nearly naked, and many of them armed with rusty matchlocks, hunting-spears, or wood-knives were lounging about in picturesque groups under the shade of the trees. The old baggage-elephant, wearied with his long march, stood dozing listlessly under the shadow of a widely-spreading Banian, and fanning himself with the feathery branch of a palm tree, to protect his skin from the stings of the buzzing insects which swarmed around him. And a group of smiling *Natch-girls*, encouraged to repeat their visit, by the handsome present of the previous day; and now having their charms set off to the best advantage, by all the glittering finery of Indian Belles, with large gold rings depending from their noses, their necks loaded with jewels, massive silver bangles encircling their slender, well-turned, ankles; their braided hair, decked with wreaths of the sweet-smelling *Mougree*,[†] and their silken robes filling the air with the perfume of sandal wood, were twining their graceful figures in the dance, and darting the most bewitching glances from their large voluptuous dark eyes, in the vain hope of charming the impatient sportsmen, whose minds, however, were too fully occupied by floating visions of panting steeds, blood-stained spears, and foaming boars, to be captivated by the charms of the fascinating Syrens.

The Doctor was lounging indolently in an arm-chair, with a cheroot in his mouth, as usual, twirling his thumbs, nodding his head approvingly, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, as any peculiarly graceful movement of the Natch-girls, happened to meet with his approbation; and occasionally turning round to give some directions to Heels, who was busied, outside of the tent, in skinning the dead panther. Mansfield was amusing himself by giving a finishing touch to the keen edge of his favorite hog-spear, on a fine hone; while Charles, who was by far the most impatient and watchful of the party, started from his seat, with an exulting shout, which brought the performance of the Natch girls to an abrupt conclusion.

"Hurra, lads, here come our Scouts, at last!"

The Natch-girls, startled by the sudden exclamation, shrunk aside, and made way for two panting *Shikaries*, covered with dust and perspiration, who, advancing at a long, easy wolf-like trot, and, halting in front of the tent, announced with a profound salaam, that a large sounder of hog, headed by the far-famed Boar, had been marked down, among the hills, a few miles from camp.

"Boot and saddle! spurs and spears! and hurra for the man that first draws blood from the old boar," shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and brandishing aloft his light elastic spear—a faultless male bamboo from the jungles of the Concan, about ten feet long, tough as whalebone, and tapering away beautifully to the smaller end, where it terminated in a keen glittering blade, about the size and shape of a laurel-leaf—a blade which had reeked with the blood of many a grisly boar.

"*Gorah lao!*"[‡] was now the cry; and, in less than five minutes, three snorting steeds, accoutred for the field, were pawing the ground immediately, in front of the tent.

Mansfield's favorite hunter, Challenger, was the very model of a perfect Arab; a light iron-gray, with broad expanded forehead, deep jowl, fine tapering muzzle, wide nostrils, and beautifully-placed ears; his thin withers, well-placed shoulder, round carcass, compact joints, and long, sloping, muscular quarters, gave promise of uncommon strength and fleetness; whilst a full dark eye, mild as that of the Gazelle, but beaming with the latent fire and indomitable courage of a true son of the desert, belied him much, if his endurance were not equal to his speed. In short, his figure was perfect symmetry, with the exception of his legs, which, although perfectly sound, were sadly disfigured—English eye; but, to one accustomed to the headlong pace at which the Indian Hog-hunter urges his horse over the rocky hills, and through the thorny jungles of the Deccan, those honorable wounds, the inevitable concomitants of every good horse, who has carried a good rider, excited no surprise, and but little regret.

Charles's horse, Lightning, a bright chestnut, had also sprung from Arby's best blood; but far less clean, more compact, and wiry limbs, showed that he, like his master, had seen but little service in the field; whilst his fiery eye, restless ears, and fretful movements, together with the unusually long-cheeked bit, with which his bridle was furnished, led one to suspect, that his temper, like that of most horses of his color, was somewhat of the hottest.

The sportsmen now mounted, without loss of time, and rode out of the grove, followed by their respective horsekeepers, and the whole party of Beaters. Not a cloud appeared in the whole wide expanse of deep blue sky to veil the splendor of the tropical sun, which shot down his almost vertical rays with an intensity of heat, that threatened to penetrate to the brain, even through the thick hunting caps, and damp towels, which the sportsmen had provided to protect their heads. A silence, deep as that of midnight, pervaded the land; for nature was faint with heat, and every living thing sought shelter from the merciless glare of an Indian noon; save the hardy hog-hunters, and the ever-raving vulture, which, soaring at an immense height, almost beyond the reach of human vision, swept through the air in wide extended circles, seeking his obscene food in the very eye of the blazing sun.

An hour's easy riding brought them to the place where the hogs were said to be marked down; it was a rocky hill, thinly clothed with stunted brushwood, and rising abruptly from a bare stony plain intersected by numerous dry nullahs or water courses, and dotted, to the extreme distance, with clumps of palm-trees, and fields of sugar cane, to which the hogs were in the habit of resorting to feed during the night.

Having ascertained the return of the position, by a rapid glance of his experienced eye, Mansfield issued the necessary orders to his Beaters, and then desired Charles and the Doctor to follow him to a small clump of date-trees, near the foot of the hill, where they, and their horses, might lie in ambush, till the hogs were roused.

Having carefully concealed themselves among the trees, and ascertained that neither they, nor their horses, were visible from the hill-side, the riders dismounted, and waited with breathless impatience for the first joyous shout of the beaters. Charles's heart beat almost audibly as he peeped through the leafy screen which concealed them, expecting every moment to hear the yell which should announce the finding of the mighty Boar, and to see the grisly monster, dash headlong down the rocky steep. But half an hour had elapsed, during which the deep silence was unbroken, and the excited feelings of the young sportsman were beginning to subside into something very like disappointment, when a distant shout came faintly on his ear, from the opposite side of the hill. Mansfield, who had been smoking his cigar, and chatting carelessly with the Doctor, started at the well known sound. A grim smile curled his lip, and fire flashed from his kindling eye, as he bounded to his feet, grasped his spear, and sprang into the saddle.

"Now, lads, mount!" said he, settling himself firmly in his seat, and grasping the reins. "Mount, and be ready; we shall have him afoot directly."

The others mounted in haste, and fixed their longing eyes on the side of the opposite hill, whilst every nerve tingled, with an almost sickening sensation of wild excitement.

"I see him, I see him!" said Charles in an eager whisper; at the same time tightening his reins, and closing his heels, with an involuntary jerk, which made the impatient Lightning snort and rear.

"For Heaven's sake, Charles! keep that fidgetty brute of yours quiet," replied Mansfield, in a chiding tone, as the gigantic Boar was seen to rise slowly from his solitary lair on the hill side, shaking his grey hide like a roused lion, and turning his head to listen to the approaching shouts of his pursuers. "Steady, steady—or I assure you I'll give the word, 'ride,' and then you may knock the fire out of master Lightning as soon as you like. That Boar will try his mettle both of you, or I'm mistaken."

The Beaters were, by this time, coming over the crest of the hill; and the Boar, apparently satisfied that his enemies were advancing in too great force for him to attempt resistance, began to steal away through the brushwood, stopping occasionally to listen, as if debating with himself, whether to make for the plain, and trust to his speed for safety, or to turn, and charge gallantly through his pursuers.

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, was several times on the point of raising a shout to inform the Beaters that the Boar was afoot, and to urge them forward; but a glance from Mansfield's frowning eye immediately checked him.

The ground now becoming more open, the Boar increased his pace to a shambling trot; and, the eager beaters having at the same moment caught sight of him, a wild unearthly yell arose, as if a whole legion of devils were at his heels. The chafed brute stood for one moment with upraised bristles, churning the white foam between his jaws; then, uttering a short angry grunt, that seemed to announce his desperate determination of trying his speed across the plain, he dashed down the hill, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"Now we have him! Now for a glorious burst!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping his spear more firmly, and shortening his reins, on the lope of seeing the mighty Boar burst gallantly from the belt of low jungle which skirted the foot of the hill. But no Boar appeared, and Mansfield was about to give vent to his feelings in a very unseemly oath, when a thick patch of brushwood, immediately below the Beaters, appeared in violent motion, and, next moment, a whole *sounder* of hog, burst from the cover, and came scrambling down the hill; their round black backs rising and falling in quick succession, like a shoal of porpoises tumbling along the face of a great wave. The excited Beaters redoubled their yells, and the terrified animals, dashing at once through the belt of jungle, took to the open ground without hesitation.

"Ride!" shouted Mansfield, in a voice clear as a trumpet sound. And at that thrilling cry, the three horsemen, darting from their concealment, like lightning from a thunder-cloud, urged their snorting hunters across the plain at the very top of their speed. Charles's hot-blooded chesnut, tearing along with his head and tail in the air, and the bit in his teeth, as if determined that nothing should stop him till he was brought up, by running his head against a stone wall, or till he succeeded in breaking his own neck, or that of his rider, in one of the numerous ravines which lay so opportunely in the way. But this was no time to argue the point with a runaway horse, and Charles let him go to his heart's content. The Doctor followed at a less headlong pace; but, to do him justice, he plied the spurs, and made the old horse do his best.

"Now Charles, my boy—now for the spear of honor!" cried Mansfield, as he and Charles rode neck and neck, at a racing pace, over the most terrific ground. "We are tolerably well matched as to speed, I see; and, if you can draw first blood, to dim the lustre of your maiden spear, you shall bear the palm, and welcome; but, by the Prophet! you must ride for it."

"Hurra! here goes for first blood then!" cried Charles in an exulting tone, at the same time slacking the reins, and driving the spurs into his fiery horse, already mad with excitement and lathered with foam, whilst the more temperate Challenger, although urged to his utmost speed, had hardly turned a hair.

Hurra, hurra! away they scour like falcons darting on their prey; the hardbaked earth ringing like metal beneath their horses' iron-shod hoofs, and a long train of dust rising like smoke behind them.

Although the two horses were, in fact, well matched as to speed, Charles's light weight soon began to tell, in favor of his horse Lightning, who gradually crept ahead of his antagonist, till, by the time they had got within a hundred yards of the hog, he was nearly half that distance in advance.

"Shall I try it?" exclaimed Charles, looking over his shoulder, and addressing Mansfield, as the leading Boar, much to his astonishment, bounded with the agility of an antelope, over a yawning ravine, which happened to cross his path; a dry watercourse, with rocky, half-decayed, banks, which looked as if they would crumble into dust under the light foot of a fawn, and as breakneck-looking a place, as the most desperate horseman would care to ride at.

"Ay, ay! go along!" replied Mansfield. "A good horse can always follow where a boar leaps, but keep his head straight, and rattle him at it, as if you were in earnest; for, by mine honor, it is not a place that will improve by looking at it."

"[illegible] the heart of a lion; but, just as he reached the brink, his violent brute of a horse, who had hitherto gone with his head in the air, and his mouth wide open, as if he neither knew nor cared whether there was any impediment in his way or not, suddenly swerved, and wheeling round, with a loud snort, dashed off at right angles.

The well-trained Challenger, on the contrary, accustomed to Mansfield's resolute manner of riding, and knowing, from experience, that it was in vain for him to refuse anything at which he was put, cocked his ears, gathered his hind legs well under him, and quickening his stroke, as he approached the ravine, cleared it in beautiful style, although the decayed rock, from which he sprung, gave way, just as his hind-feet quitted it, and rolled thundering to the bottom of the *nullah*.

Charles had, by this time, succeeded in turning his horse, and putting him once more at the leap, with head held straight, and the spurs gaining his sides, the snoring brute went at it like a charging tiger, bounding high into the air, and clearing the ravine by several feet.

The race for the first spear was now resumed in good earnest, Charles straining every nerve to recover lost ground, and come up with Mansfield, who, having singled out the leading Boar, was now pressing hard upon his haunches; the angry brute with foaming jaws and flaming eyes, uttering, from time to time, a short savage grunt, and swerving from side to side, as if to avoid the expected thrust of the deadly spear, which quivered, like a sunbeam, within a few inches of his heaving flanks.

Charles was now nearly alongside of Mansfield, and gaining upon him at every stride. Both horses were begining to show symptoms of distress; but the gallant little Challenger still answered to the spur, and by one desperate bound, brought Mansfield within spear's length of the Boar. A long reach will do it now—and a grim smile of triumph passed over Mansfield's swarthy cheek, as he leaned over his horse's neck, and made a desperate lunge at the flying Boar. He has it! No! it was an inch to short—another stride will do it. Again the trusty Challenger bounded to the spur—again the spear was poised for the fatal thrust—another second, and the glittering blade would have been quenched in blood; when the Boar made a short turn to the right, and dashed across Charles's horse. The terrified animal made a bound to clear the hog, and as he did so, Charles thrust his spear awkwardly forward, without aim or direction; the point, however, went true to its destination, and passing through the Boar's brawny shoulder, buried itself in the earth. The horse, at the same instant, stumbled over the wounded Boar, and came to the ground with a tremendous crash, depositing his rider in the position of a spread eagle, some ten yards beyond him, and shivering the tough bamboo shaft of the spear in a thousand pieces. But the spear of honor has been fairly won, and who cares for broken bones! Hurra!

The wounded Boar scrambled to his feet, with the splintered lance still sticking in his flesh, and uttering a savage grunt, was about to rush upon the prostrate Hunter, when Mansfield coming up at speed, speared him through the heart, and rolled him over in the bloody sand as if struck by a flash of lightning.

Whilst Mansfield and Charles were thus engaged, the Doctor was not idle: following in the wake of his companions, he had fallen in with a little halt-grown hog, technically termed a *squeaker*, which, having been unable to keep up with the rest of the *sounder*, now appeared in a fair way of falling a victim to the Doctor's prowess, although he still made a good race with the old horse across the plain.

Charles, having gathered himself up, and ascertained that neither he nor his horse were materially injured by shortening their fall, was heartily congratulated by Mansfield, on his good fortune in taking the spear of honor; and the two young men, having loosened the girths of their smoking hunters, now awaited, with much interest, the issue of the struggle between the Doctor and the unfortunate *squeaker*. The Doctor soon proved victorious.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mansfield, as the Doctor dismounted, lighted his ever ready cigar, and seated himself on a stone, "I shall give you five minutes to let your nags recover their wind after this little brush, and then we must have another heat for the Great Boar. This is mere child's play to the work we shall have, if we can only get him to break cover."

As soon as the horses had pretty well recovered their wind, the sportsmen remounted, and rode back toward the hill, from whence the *sounder* of hog had been driven. The Beaters had already assembled on the plain, leaving a few experienced *shikaries*, perched upon commanding eminences, to prevent the possibility of the old Boar, which had not yet broken cover, from stealing away unobserved. Mansfield had just selected a tough and well-poised spear, from among the spare weapons carried by his Horse keeper, and was explaining to Charles the proper manner of holding it, showing him how the other had been broken in consequence of his still manner of carrying the weapon, tucked under his arm, like the lance of a dragoon, instead of being lightly poised in the right hand; and consoling him with the assurance, that even supposing his horse had not fallen, the spring of the bamboo, from being so confined, would in all probability have lifted him out of the saddle; when a shout from one of the lookout men attracted his attention, and, on looking up, he beheld a native perched upon a pinnacle of rock, waving his *puggarie*,[*] and pointing, with eager gestures, down the side of the hill, opposite to where they stood.

"By heavens he's off!" exclaimed Mansfield, putting spurs to his horse, and starting at a hand gallop. "Follow me, gentlemen; but do not press your horses too hard at first, we shall want all the wind they can spare, when we get to the other side of the hill."

The belt of jungle, which skirted the base of the hill, obliged the horsemen to make a considerable detour, and, by the time they reached the opposite side, the crafty old Boar, who had availed himself of a quiet moment to steal away, as he fancied, unobserved, now appeared like a mere speck on the surface of the plain, making direct for another rocky hill, about two miles distant.

"Now, my lads, go along," said Mansfield, giving Challenger his head, and urging him at once to the top of his speed. "He has got a tremendous start, and nothing but hard riding will avail us now; for, if once he gains yonder hill, our horses, blown as they must be will stand but little chance of bringing him to action."

The Boar, finding himself hitherto unpursued, had been cantering along, at an easy pace, so that his pursuers gained upon him rapidly at first; but no sooner did he hear the clatter of hoofs behind him, than he turned half round, as if some faint idea of doing battle had crossed his mind, and then, uttering a gruff grunt, bounded off at a pace, which, had he been able to maintain it for any length of time, would have rendered pursuit hopeless.

"Now is the time to press him," cried Mansfield, urging his willing horse to still greater exertions, although the poor brute was already straining every nerve to the uttermost. "If we can only keep him at this pace, for another half-mile, we shall force the sulky brute to show fight, whether he will or no; and then, Charles, my boy, we shall have a first spear worth contending for."

They were now nearing the hill fast, and, as they approached it, the ground over which they rode, neck and girth, at such headlong speed, assumed every moment a more terrific appearance. In fact, it appeared almost miraculous that horses should be able to cross it at all; for, independently of the yawning ravines, and rocks, and thorny bushes which impeded their progress, the ground was so completely broken up by holes and fissures, just sufficiently concealed, by stunted grass, to prevent the rider seeing them, till his horse was in the act of flying over them, that, even at a foot's pace, a horseman would have found some difficulty in picking his steps over it. Still, they pressed forward with undiminished ardor, and, save a few desperate stumbles, no accident had yet occurred.

The Boar was evidently sinking fast, and the horsemen gaining upon him. Mansfield was already sufficiently near to mark the malignant twinkle of his little grey eye, as he glanced suspiciously over his shoulder, measuring the distance, and calculating whether he had better turn upon his pursuers, or make one more desperate effort to gain the shelter of the hill. But still the foaming brute kept beyond the reach of his spear.

"The devil take him, he'll beat us, after all," exclaimed Mansfield, driving the spurs madly into the flanks of his gasping horse, lifting him with both hands, and throwing him bodily forward—his heart smote him as he did so, for, even in the wild excitement of that moment, he could feel the gallant brute reeling under him with fatigue.

"Bravely done, my trusty Challenger," cried Mansfield, in an exulting tone. "One more such stride, and the spear is mine."

True to the last, the high-spirited creature [illegible] gave way, and horse and rider rolled upon the ground. Next moment the Boar had reached the goal; and now considering himself safe from further pursuit, began slowly to scramble up the rugged ascent, his lolling tongue, foaming jaws, and staggering gait, bearing ample testimony to the severity of the chase. Charles, whose once fiery horse was now so effectually blown, that he no longer answered to the spur, except by a faint groan, seeing that the case was desperate, raised himself in the stirrup, and hurled his spear after the Boar; but the weapon fell harmless among the rocks, and the excited boy, throwing himself from his reeling horse, stamped upon the ground with rage and vexation.

The well-conditioned horses, although effectually blown by the severity of the first burst, soon recovered their wind, and the horsemen, re-mounting, began to climb the steep ascent, picking their steps with difficulty, and clambering among rocks and loose stones, where it appeared hardly possible, even for a goat, to find secure footing. Yet the hardy and sure-footed little Arabs persevered. And after a toilsome scramble, the hunters succeeded in driving the Boar over the crest of the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fairly on his way toward the plain.

Here Mansfield reined up his horse for a moment, to let him recover breath; while he glanced his keen eye around, to discover the most practicable place for making a descent. Then, sitting well back, and grasping the reins firmly, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed at speed down the rocky hill-side, which, although much less precipitous than the one they had ascended, was still sufficiently so to have scared any other horseman than a desperate hog-hunter, with his blood, as we said before, at the boiling point; and even for him to attempt it, on a tried horse, appeared little short of madness.

But, the two horsemen reached the plain in safety, not a hundred yards from the Boar's haunches; and the gallant Macphee, fired by the sight, and forgetting in a moment all his prudent caution, dashed in the spurs and joined in the chase, with as much eagerness as if he had no neck to break.

The Doctor's horse, being comparatively fresh, now managed to keep pace with his companions; and the three horsemen were riding abreast as the hunted Boar approached a deep and wide stream with precipitous banks. This the Doctor fancied must either bring him to bay or force him to alter his course, which, in consequence of a bend in the river, would have the effect of bringing him to close quarters. As idea suddenly flashed across his mind that, by making a desperate rush at this suspicious moment, he might immortalise himself by taking the spear of honor from the renowned Mansfield. Fired by this magnificent thought, the excited Macphee darted in the spurs, brandished his spear, and uttered a war-whoop that made the old horse bound under him, as if he had been electrified. But to his astonishment the Boar, instead of turning, plunged from the high bank without ever looking behind him; and—oh! horror!—the two wild companions, far from hesitating, only urged on their horses to the desperate leap with redoubled fury.

The Boar reached the opposite bank before the horsemen were half way across; shook the water from the dripping hide, and casting one malignant glance at his pursuers, trotted on sulkily for a short distance; then, as if aware that any further attempt at flight over the wide expanse of plain which lay before him, would only be wasting his energies to no purpose, he wheeled suddenly round, erected his bristles, and stood resolutely at bay.

Mansfield at this moment emerged from the water, dripping like a river-god, and seeing the warlike position assumed by the enemy, he uttered a shout of triumph, put spurs to his steaming horse, and charged him at speed, which, by the way, gentle reader, is the only safe manner of approaching a Boar at bay. The savage brute having now made up his mind to fight to the death, uttered a fierce grunt, and dashed forward to meet him. Mansfield's well-directed spear entered his chest, and passed out behind the shoulder; but, in spite of the severity of the wound, he still rushed forward, shattered the bamboo, and dashing under the belly of the unflinching Challenger, before Mansfield had time to wheel out of the way, succeeded in inflicting a deep and deadly gash, from which the bowels protruded in a shocking manner. Charles now dashed forward to despatch the wounded monster; but such was his strength and ferocity, that he rose staggering from the ground, rushed at the horse, knocked his fore legs from under him, and rolled him over, inflicting a cut across the shank bones as clean as if it had been done by a razor. While he yet stood tottering, and meditating further mischief, the Doctor dashed up to him in the most gallant style, and shouting at the top of his voice, "That's second spear, anyhow!" plunged the glittering blade into his heart. The frantic brute made one desperate effort to bite through the tough bamboo; but in that effort a stream of black blood, mingled with foam, gushed from his mouth; and uttering one shrill scream, in the weakness of expiring nature, he sank slowly to the ground and died.

[*] Kanauts—curtains, or canvass walls of a tent.

[†] Mougree—a large species of jasmine.

[‡] "Gorah lao"—"Bring forth the horse."

[*] Puggarie—a cloth worn on the head as a turban.

Lord and long was the death-bellow with which the exulting Doctor proclaimed his victory. "Behold your handiwork!" cried he, holding it in it. For him the victory had been too dearly purchased. Sitting on the floor, with the head of his dying horse resting on his knee, he wrinkled his jaded brow with the thought, home with the melancholy of a mother lowering over a sick child. The cherished and beautiful creature had been his companion in camp and in quarters, in battle and in the hunting field. Since the days when it was a colt it had been his master's tent, and fed from his master's hand, and exhibited toward him all the affection of a dog. Senile and then gentle reader, nor call it weakness, when we tell thee that a tear rolled down the sunburnt and beaten cheek of the hardy soldier, as he highly prized and admired the generous steed that in the mild eye upon his face, stretched forth his stiffening limbs, and sighed forth his last breath in a deep groan.

"He has died nobly," cried Mansfield, starting to his feet, and flashing the nobilders tear from his eye. "But never, never shall I forget the beast—that has cost me the life of my inestimable Challenger!"

ROONDAH.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

THE SILK STAPLE.

It is with great pleasure we notice the rapid progress of the cause in every state of the Union. Turn where we will, the silk culture is the general topic; and as Mulberry trees—not the Moticosia, because from wall trees—experience the best—and every child's egg must be had before this culture can proceed, the consequence is that these species of mercholaine are in great demand.

It is necessary that to prosecute any great enterprise the initial steps should be prudently taken to ensure success. Of what, then, is the necessary preliminary arrangements to give this cause immediate and continual success? It seems to us that the first step is to be possessed of a spot of land. This need not be more than from three to five acres. The Morus Multicaulis, it has been proved, will grow in the warmest waters in this climate, especially after the first, as winter is apt, before the wood is matured, to kill the tops down to the snow line, though sometimes this is not the case. But if even the tops are killed down to near the roots, these will in the spring throw up an immense bush, containing leaves of the greatest quantity and beauty. The Morus Multicaulis in a few years will cease to be taken up. Farmers will therefore plant a circumscribed lot of one or more acres, and those, like willow patches, will give an astonishing quantity of foliage. Suppose, then, a field of three acres be planted. If the soil be good, the third year there will be cultivation enough for from ¾ to 3 millions of silkworms. Now, long experience in Europe, which is confirmed here, has proved that from a million of well fed cocoons will produce 200 to 312 lbs. of reeled silk. This will be from 900 to 976 lbs. of fine cocoons. Now 1 lb. of reeled silk will bring $5 in market. The writer of this was offered $4 a bushel for good cocoons a few days since, and was bushel will produce 1 lb. of raw silk. This then is data, and if this be correct, and I believe, no one in this place acquainted with the subject will differ, that 200 lbs. the produce of three acres the first year, will bring 4000 dollars! This presupposes that the eggs were properly hatched and fed, and the cocoons properly reeled.

From this, it is plain, that the expense of roses is not such an affair as some affirm. But now, when trees are in demand; when the knowledge has gone forth that our *climate* and *soil* are perfectly congenial,—are the same as China itself; is somewhat one degree of heat and cildates as the face of the earth; when we have land—industry—enterprise—every thing desirable, what is to obstruct our progress? Shall we answer this question? It is interested foreigners and deluded crooking citizens, that raise the objections, make the opposition, and check that which is destined ultimately to prevail, but which through these causes is made to prevail with more difficulty.

We remarked above that three acres of land planted with Morus Multicaulis will on the *third year* produce with proper management, cocoons, reckoning 10 lbs. to the lb. at $4.40, reeled silk, the sum of $4000. We have said in 1872, and if the same quantity be reeled the *additional premiums* will be $400, making in all $4240. But this sum will then daily increase as the cocoons in question, so that if we add to $4240 the produce of the reeled silk as above, namely $4000, we have as the gross amount $8240! Allowing $1000 as the expenses, and it will cover the whole, we will have $6000 as the nett proceeds of three acres, the first hour being past for! These are not exaggerated estimates. They are drawn from the best data our experience in this country affords. It will show that no one need be long poor if they have but in telligence and enterprise to push ahead. There are good times in store for our whole population and for none more than the female portion of it whom this culture will raise, educate and protect. But more on this part in a future number.

Sulphur Cocoons.—These are likely to take the precedence. Mr. Hotchkiss, of Woodbury, Conn. according to the Litchfield Examiner, has some of that color, of the *six week species*. A silk grower, speaking of them, says:

None of them, ten days after winding, with the flues well removed, weighed 1 grain, which would, as you may see, be 73 grains each, on an average, and would require only 77 of them to a pound. Four of them, after a thorough baking, weighed 161 grains. The heaviest ever before heard of, were 153 to the pound, and that immediately after they had completed winding—chrysalis, grown, &c.

Journal of Silk.

From the Boston Gazette.

MAPLE SUGAR.

Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware what a noble tree the sugar-maple is, to begin with, as the ornamental way, we mean. It has always granted us to see them cut down, and burnt down, as they are, en masse, and without mercy. We quote agree with Dr. Jackson, (in his last Geological Report) that although it is difficult to spare any forest trees, "in clearing a farm by fire, grace is much the greatest waste that is strewed from the unrelenting axe of the woodsman. Maple trees may also be cultivated, and will become productive in twenty or thirty years; and it would certainly be one of our most beautiful pledges of regard for posterity to plant groups of maples in convenient situations, upon our lands, and to line our roads with them."

I am sure that such a plan, if carried into effect, would please many, in more ways than one, and we might be in part disfranchised from dependence on the cane plantations of the West Indies.

But the economical view of the Maple, after all, is the most practical and fundamental. "Come to, with a good many people,—and we can't say they are much to be blamed. Shout the Yankees love money is to be made, and they are " up a tree," any one, if the converse has added to their number. The most sagacious of the English statesmen have discovered the error, and the cool and deliberate manner in which their grievance have been discussed in an earnest of a speedy cure. When men are once fairly heard,even if they cannot have what they want, they pocket the disappointment, but an attempt to put them down at the bayonet's point, even if they be in the wrong, only excites to fury, and adds to their numbers.

PLEADING GUILTY.

Our friend of the Times had a few days since a capital article under the editorial head on the subject of "Office-holders." We had made up our mind to offer the editor a compliment on its appearance, as its rarity proportionate to its editorial: when le! sort it pops, that the paternity belongs to our friend Neal, of the Pennsylvanian, and the Times is obliged to say " we acknowledge that the neighbors in consequence of the recent inroads into our borders, is fully quits with us." Come none of that, little neighbor, if you have been caught don't acknowledge, we pray you that the laser has been guilty of a like peccadillo. " Honor among thieves."

A TRUISM.

The only way to ensure a good newspaper is for subscribers to pay for it regularly. To pay for it once in five years or once in ten as is the case in some establishments, may be very convenient for subscribers, but it is extremely unhandy for publishers and editors.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Our readers will perceive by the news from the other side of the Atlantic, which we give them plentifully this week, as the most important and interesting news afloat,—that there is a prospect of instant relief to the money market. The effect in New York was instantly felt. Stocks went down, and cotton and flour went up, and two or three staples advancing in consequence of substantial demands from Europe, the stocks were kept down by an artificial mane by those who controlled them, and by the Whittier and Monsoon Hiffy regime, he being the Whittier family in Coventry, (nine sons,) make some three thousand bales annually; that between 2000 and 3000, we believe. Here is Yankee thrift again in the most appreciable of realities, doing the thing. Let us "calculate:" 3000 lbs. at 15¢, or say only 10 cents a pound, the present price, is that gives 3000, 10—$300 a year! No wonder the Whittiers have got "rich up there in Coventry. Their maples are mines to them—a thousand better than gold ones. In fact, that variety and ingenuity turns every thing into gold; they have always a Midas touch.

Atkinson's Evening Post of Philadelphia and Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

Letters to be addressed to J. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1843.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The beautiful lines by " S. R." shall appear in our next. The fair principles with which they are intended to honor will, no doubt, appreciate the compliment.

The " *Fragments from an Ode to Solitude*," sent to us by " *W. S. D.*" we must decline in continently. We believe that we should do the author no good by publishing them. Though from his own representation of his opportunities for study, we deem the performance, on the whole, rather creditable than otherwise. It is not the first time we have had to say to a writer whether the rhyme be creditable or not, must inevitably find its way to the public eye. Care and study are the true privacy of the study, will do more to form a correct style than the publication of columns of namely pamby stuff, without the merit of rhyme or reason. We do not intend these remarks exclusively for our correspondent.

There is but one stanza of the article of " *L. W.*" which we deem at all passable. We give it:

" Oh, blame him not, if still to thee
His heart should sling devotedly,
Nor think he left so peep of hope
Till thy bright eye brought hope again."

THE CHARTISTS.

The respectable portions of the American press, seeing the tendency of the Chartist toward the subversion of all civil rule and constituted authorities forsooth, of their leaders in their own desperate acts, as well as the *anomalous* nature of their pretensions, have opposed them as Americans, from patriotism, and from humanity, as men. Unless it is desirable to see the glories of the French revolution transferred to England, no object can be answered in spurring Chartism on.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

We entirely concur in the opinions here expressed by the editor of the Gazette, and it is to be regretted, that there are so many persons in this country connected with the press too, who countenance every mad scheme, and consider all means as justifiable that can subserve their own selfish purposes to be proven whether it is the best for the world in general, or in the present organization of society, for England in particular. We deny latter, that it is. And even if it were, the mad pranks of the Chartists would but rather more to retard, than advance such a result, or even the wish of such a form of government among the large body of the English yeomanry, the supporters and the strength of the nation. It is worse than folly, to suppose, that the small body of Chartists, can be found chiefly in the manufacturing districts,and even in these form the great mass of the *floating* population of England, can in any degree affect what may be called the public sentiment of the nation. We will back O'Connell and his colleagues may for a time support their pretensions, and a greater part of the bloodstains may be found on their garments, but not all, of the was accomplished by the energy and firmness with which the assignee maintained the interest of his trust.

THE LADIES.

The editors of the Bucks co. Intelligencer are the most gallant men we know. They have always complimentary for the ladies. Their courtesy and solicitude in the management of successful in business, for we never knew an editor who was continually flourishing his sword in behalf of the ladies, who did not become the most popular man of the place.

MORE THREATENED INDIAN DISTURBANCES WEST.

The Little Rock Gazette, of the 12th inst. July 22d, state—that apprehensions exist that the exasperated party of the murdered Ridge, now left by the chief Brown, threaten, if vengeance is not had on the Cherokees, to form with Gen. Fort Gibson, and supply themselves with munitions. General Arbuckle has made a requisition on the Arkansas militia, for 1000 men, troops not being in sufficient numbers to resist an attack of some 2000 or more Indians. We may look out now for another Coloosahatchie affair.

THE CANADIAN PRISONERS.

The transport ship Buffalo has at last arrived at Quebec, and is said to be destined to convey the political prisoners in the Canadas to their destination—Botany Bay. There they will be indemnified to the Colonists and treated like gallant fellows as they are. The Montreal Herald expresses a doubt whether they will be transported after all, and says that it is not impossible that they may be set at liberty.

WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE.

Senator Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, while in attendance upon the late Methodist conference, at Columbia, S. C. on the occasion of celebration, and the appropriation of funds for the families of deceased clergy, rose and said he was not of that persuasion, but that his grandmother, the sister of Patrick Henry, was a member to her he owed chiefly his present position; he therefore begged his name to be put down for $1000.

PROPERTY RECOVERED.

On Monday last, the robbery of the store of Mr. Sampson Tams, No. 237 Market street, which was entered early on Saturday morning, by means of false keys, and robbed of goods to the value of over $100,000 in value stolen. We are happy to learn that the person who took them has since been arrested, and the greater amount of them recovered. The goods were found in the possession of Mr. Lean, and they have been restored to the owner.

VERY PROPER.

John P. Arbin and William Garland, together with Hannah Arbin and Margaret wife of Garland former, who some time since charged Mr. James McGowan, of this city, with an attempt to seduce the latter, have been indicted, in New York, for a conspiracy to extort money from James McGowan, of this city, and were on Tuesday arrested by A. M. C. Smith, on a bench-warrant, and committed for want of bail in the sum of $500.

The fact is, it appears, is a notorious character, and all the excitement and sympathy created on his account, have been thrown away, as it appears to be unquestionably true, that the parties concerned together in squire McGowan, who it appears is a worthy man.

REELED SILK.

We have received some beautiful specimens of Silk, reeled by Mr. Dulaon, of Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa. It is of very superior texture, fine, and even, and we learn that it can be done by the yeomanry of Pennsylvania to advance their country's interests and their own, by engaging in the business. Judging from the coming every day more manifest, that America is destined to be a Silk growing nation, and that her soil and climate as well as the enterprise of her people are adapted to the work. In ten years from this, those who have dreamed while their neighbors have been up and doing in this business, will open their eyes in astonishment and vexation at the evidence of the superior shrewdness of their neighbors, and their own manifest stupidity.

EUROPE BY A.

" *Jack Sheppard*" vol. 1, has been issued by LEA & BLANCHARD. The publishers have issued the work in a very neat style with engravings illustrative of the plot.

" *The Naval Foundling*," a novel, by the author of " Tough Yarns," from the press of LEA & BLANCHARD is upon our table. It is one of the best novels that has been issued for some time. It is written in a free and easy style, and some passages which have met our notice are extremely spirited. We commend it.

" *The American Silk Grower and Farmer's Manual*," published in this city by C. Alexander, deserves the attention and support of every friendly to the cause of Silk culture. The author before us contains some valuable information to farmers and Silk growers.

" *The Lion Reporter*" for August is upon our table. It contains some amusing sketches of cases. It is worthy the attention of the profession. R. H. S. George, agent, 121 south Second Street.

THE CIGARS.

It appears that the wrapper only of the cigar *puffed* by the Telegraph, were of the Mr. Gates, the manufacturer has obtained a patent for the machine.

DR. DYOTT.

The sentence of Dr. Dyott was again postponed on Saturday last, in consequence of the illness of the counsel for the defendant, Mr. Zeilgusan Philip, Esq.

We regret to add, that Mr. Phillips died at his residence on Wednesday afternoon last, after a short illness. He was a gentleman of great talents, and a most estimable man, and a general war in Europe.

THE PHILADELPHIA LOAN COMPANY.

We are much gratified, says the Times, to learn that the enterprising Philadelphia Loan Company, Michael Pray, Esq. has effected an arrangement, by which he will, in a short time, be enabled to pay off all their liabilities, and the said company their respective claims in full. Mr. Pray deserves the thanks of the community at large, as well as the stockholders immediately connected with the said company, for the energy with which he has executed the trust confided to him, and the happy results which must flow from the consummation of the arrangements he has effected.

We understand ₱90,000 is now deposited in the Girard Bank, to be paid, to meet these immediate demands, and the residue is to be deposited by the new Board, that upon two weeks' notice by any of the stockholders, that the same shall not be reached by the amount already deposited, all demands may be fully obliterated. A little indulgence on the part of the claimants will, no doubt, enable the institution to resuscitate upon a solvent basis, and eventuate in the general advantage of all parties concerned.

Though opposed to all institutions of the character of the shore, still we rejoice to learn that those who have had honest transactions with them are not likely to be losers. There is no question but that all special depositors will be paid in full, and this, we confess, is much more than we had ever hoped to see realized from the dilapidated ruins two months since. Much, if

FLORIDA.

The following melancholy tale is contained in an extract from a letter to a member of the staff of the army in Florida, to an officer in New York city.

I have to tell you a melancholy tale, and one that will grieve you much. Col. Harney, you know has been ordered in charge of the Creek war of pacification begun by General Macomb—they had established a trading house on the head of the Caloosahatchee River attended by Col. H. with about thirty Dragoons, and Major Graham, Capt. Casey and Lieut. Harney, doing business, were down there trying to conciliate the Indians and prevent a war. Col. H. had a small boat with him in which he used occasionally to go up the river, going up all the unexplored creeks. The steamboat Sunbee had taken them there from Tampa. On the night of the 23d of July, the steamer, numbering about two hundred persons, all told, were awakened by the cry of fire! fire! fire! and before they could get out of their berths found the cabin filled with flames

COLONIAL SECRETARY.

The Marquis of Normanby fills this office. The salary is $25,000 a year. He is in his 43d year. His wife (daughter of Lord Ravensworth) is a lady of the Queen's Bedchamber. He sat in the Commons until 1831, when his father died. He has been Lord Privy Seal Governor of Jamaica, and Lord Liutenant of Ireland. He is said to be now finishing for the Premiership or the Governorship of India. He resided at Florence for many years, and their used to figure as an amateur actor. At *his* theatre Charles Matthews first came out. He has published some novels, "Matilda," "Yes and No." He has a great taste for letters, and speaks very well. He has a worn and faded look, and has the name of being fonder of pleasure than of business. He was Lord Mulgrave till last year, when the Queen gave him the Marquisate.—He is in very embarrassed circumstances.

HOME SECRETARY.

Lord John Russell is the holder of the Home Secretaryship. The salary is $25,000 a year, and must be an object to a man who is the ill-provided-for younger son of a Duke. He is in his 48th year. He entered Parliament early, sat for Tavistock from 1818 till 1831, (Tavistock being his father's rotten borough,) with the exception of one session for Bandon, and another for Huntingdonshire. From 1831 to 1835 he sat for South Devon, and was rejected. He has since sat for Stroud. From November, 1830, to November, 1834, he was Paymaster of the Forces. From April, 1835, he has been Home Secretary. After opposing Parliamentary Reform, and writing a book in defence of rotten borroughs, he was the person to introduce the Reform Bill, in 1831. He has written several works, and he is undoubtedly a very clever man. In 1835 he married Lady Ribblesdale, whose death, last year, plunged him into deep sorrow. He is a very small man—indeed, very insignificant in appearance, although what is called "Leader of the House of Commons," he is a very middling speaker. He stammers—and to this Moore alludes in his well known poem to Lord John:

"With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle and foam, and in vapor are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the filtering recess of thought and of love."

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The Earl of Minto fills this post. All that is known of him is that he has been Ambassador at Berlin, that he draws $25,000 a year for his management of the Admiralty—and that, like Lord Grey, wherever he could provide for his relatives or connections out of the public money, he has done so. His brother and his eldest son have seats in the lower house.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse has a salary of $25,000 a year. His department is connected with the Indian government, and he does not kill himself by hard work. His private fortune is considerable, and he is also one of the partners in the house of Whitbread & Co. the London buyers. He is now in his 53d year. He will be best remembered as the friend of Byron, who travelled with him in Greece and Italy, and who dedicated Childe Harold to him. Their friendship commenced at Cambridge, where Hobhouse founded a Whig Club. In 1809 they went abroad together, and Hobhouse published his travels in Greece with Lord Byron. Some twenty years ago he was a Radical victim, and as such sent to prison by the House of Commons. In 1820 the Westminster Whigs elected him; he kept his seat till after the Reform Bill. In 1822 he became Secretary at War, in Sir H. Parnell's place, and was then called *cat* Hobhouse, as he declined to mitigate flogging in the army, which in his Radical days he had loudly opposed. He then became Irish Secretary, but wouldn't vote as his constituents wished) against the window tax, and resigned his trust. Colonel Evans, whom he had beaten in 1833, ousted him, and he took his seat for Northampton in 1834, and was also made Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Since April, 1834, he has been in his present place, and is believed to be desirous of quitting public life with a peerage; and this is he who for many years was the child and champion of democracy.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Poulett Thompson, member for Manchester, has a salary of $20,000 a year as President of the Board of Trade. He is about 42 years old, and was a merchant in London until 1830, when Earl Grey made him Vice President of the Board of Trade and Treasurer of the Navy. In July, 1834, when the Melbourne Ministry was formed, Poulett Thompson became President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Horse, Master of the Buckhounds, and many other officials have $10,000 each per annum. With this hint at pecuniary matters, do you wonder, that the struggle for place is so constant and so violent in this country.

Foreign Varieties.

The clothing of the army, for the past year, cost 229,458l.

The Duke of Sutherland has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Salop, in the room of the late Earl of Powis, deceased.

The Nile, a ninety-two gun ship, built upon the principle of Sir Robert Seppings, has been launched from the Plymouth Dock-yard. She was laid down twelve years ago.

Expedition to New Zealand.—Mr. Dudley Sinclair, eldest son of the member of Caithness, is actively engaged in preparing an expedition for New Zealand, consisting of two hundred settlers, all young and married, who have been employed on the Duke of Sutherland's extensive improvements, in Sutherlandshire. The expedition will sail in August, with Mr. Sinclair at its head, assisted by Mr. Barton, lately one of the Duke's agents.

Captain Baldwin Wake Walker, one of the Royal Navy, who has recently been promoted by the Grand Sultan, to the rank of Rear Admiral in the Turkish service, is a Manxman, and brother to Mrs. John Duggan, of this town.—*Mona's Herald.*

The Greek Courier of the 15th ult. announces the return of the King and Queen to Athens on the 13th. His Majesty, on passing through Magnesia, had conferred the Order of the Saviour on an old soldier of the war of independence, now in his 107th year.

Ministers obtained in Parliament, on the night of the 12th, a great victory over the Tories, carrying the uniform rate of reduction of the inland postage to a penny, by a majority of fifty-two votes, on the proposition of Mr. Goulburne, that it was inexpedient from the loss it would cause in the revenue.

The immense petition of the Chartists was treated with great respect in the Commons, and the whole subject discussed by Lord John Russell and others, arguing calmly and successively on some of their grievances. The prayer of the petitioners, however, was sustained by only [illegible] votes.

The French Government is about to establish two new lines of packets; one between Havre and New York, and the other between Bordeaux and the Gulf of Mexico.

A Wood Pavement Company, with many of the royal family and nobility as patrons, has been established in London, with a capital of 120,000l. A carriage way is to be made immediately at Whitehall.

It is positively asserted that Sir John Colborne is shortly to be called from the Government of the Canadas.

The Tournament.—A very general idea prevails in society that the scheme of the tournament, which excites so much interest in the higher circles, will be altogether abandoned, for, independent of the amusement being not unattended with danger, many of the knights elect have been startled at the expense. This was, originally, calculated at 40l.; terrible, though true, the estimate now approaches 400l.!!!—*Morning Post.* The Earl of Chesterfield, one of the knights, is going abroad.

Mr. Campbell, one of the Eglintown Tournament Knights, rehearsing near London, has been run through the arm by a spear and severely, but not dangerously wounded.

The Earl of Eglintown was to be at his castle August 28th, to make preparations for his grand tournament.

The Argyll steamer, with 200 passengers on board, on a pleasure excursion, exploded her boiler just after she had touched at Renfrew Ferry, Scotland, to take more passengers. Two engineers were killed, and 7 or 8 persons dreadfully scalded.

The following telegraph despatch was published by the French Government on Thursday:

The General commanding the 21st military division to the Minister of War.

PERPIGNAN, July 24.

General O'Donnell attacked, on the 17th, with 6,000 men, 11 Carlist battalions, intrenched around Lucena, carried their positions, and relieved General Aznar, who was shut up in the town without provisions.

This occurrence was deemed in Paris of somewhat serious import, as it was held to prove the incapability of Cabrera, with 20,000 men said to be under his command, to attempt supporting the besieging corps.

The Times (of the 23d) praises very highly, that part of the President's speech at Castle Garden, in which he spoke of the North Eastern boundary.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin is dead. He died at Cheltenham on the 23d of July, at the age of fourscore.

London was visited July 18th with a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which raged for several hours.

Lady Charlotte Jane Dundas, grand daughter of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, has succeeded as lady of the Queen's bed-chamber to Lady Flora Hastings, deceased.

In the French fleet, scurvy appears to prevail to a serious extent, particularly on board of the Hercule, from which vessel, we learn, 300 sick had been landed at Ourlac, where tents had been erected for them as temporary hospitals.

SHIP WRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The Pickering Dodge, Captain Holbrook, according to the Liverpool papers of the 15th July, sailed from that port on the 14th for Salem.—From Lloyd's List of the 22d we learn that the vessel struck on the middle patch of Carmarthen river on the 19th, and that the master, mate, supercargo, and two of the crew were drowned.—The second mate and ten of the crew were saved. On the 29th of July, the vessel was imbedded in the sand with twelve feet water in the hold, apparently bilged and the stern frame broken. In the List it is stated that the Pickering Dodge was bound to Newport.

The conviction of McKenzie, the patriot, at Canandaigua, elicits high compliments to our courts from the English journals.

The Queen was insulted on the 17th ult. while taking an airing in Hyde Park with her suite, by a well dressed man on horseback, who cut monkey capers before, and made ugly faces at her. He was committed to prison, but would not give his name.

A tremendous storm occurred at Plymouth, on the 10th ult. doing great damage to the shipping. It was feared that the ship Caroline, with one hundred and fifty passengers for Australasia, and a convict ship for the same destination, were lost.

Steam Ship Disaster.—The Waterloo steam vessel, of 128 tons and 6000 muskets on board, bound from London to Gibraltar, took fire off Nab-light, coast of England, and burnt to the water's edge, the officers and men escaping in boats.

Joint Stock Companies.—Upward of one hundred and thirty private banks in England and Wales have already incorporated themselves with Joint Stock Companies. The Commercial Bank of London is leading the way for a like change in the system of metropolitan banking.

Epitome of the Times.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Several hundred feet of the copper roof of the Philadelphia County Prison, were taken off by the storm the other day. Metallic roofs are very liable to this kind of unroofing, especially on large buildings, whether it be from the mechanical action of the wind, or whether galvanism, electricity, or their combinations, operate to separate the metal from the wood, we do not know. How would it answer to cover metal roofs with asphaltum? "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good."

A troop of horse from Holmesburg arrived in the city on Monday morning, and are quartered at a hotel in North Third street. Their appearance is most manly, and they give good physical evidence of being such men as could well be depended upon in dangerous strife or hazardous enterprise.

We perceived in the streets, in the course of the day, the "Governor's Guards," and the "Mechanic Riflemen," and presume the object of their parade was to give welcome to their visiters from the country.

The strangers number about twenty-five or thirty, and are mounted upon fine animals.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Extensive Robbery.—The store of Sansom Tarrs, No. 227 Market street, was entered by means of false keys on Friday night or Saturday morning last, and robbed of money, notes and goods to a large amount. A reward of $1000 is offered for the detection and conviction of the thieves, and the recovery of the property. The iron safe also must have been opened by means of keys made to suit it, or by an ingenious lock-picker, from the fact that it was locked by the thieves after they had plundered it.

The builders are now employed in enlarging and otherwise improving the Saloon of the Odd Fellows Hall, in South Fifth street. The "party-walls" at each end have been taken away, and two galleries for musicians or spectators added. Improvements have been made, besides, in the ante-rooms, &c. &c.

Unprecedented Speed.—The ship Roanoke, of Philadelphia, built and commanded by Capt. George Harris, a native of this city, arrived at this port, from Rio de Janeiro, a few days since, in the unprecedented short time of twenty-eight days.

Large Coal.—A large *Specimen Coal* was taken from the Nesquehoning mines and shipped to Philadelphia last week, by Messrs. Barbar, Laman & Co. which weighed four thousand nine hundred and sixty-three pounds. It is said to be the largest coal ever taken to Philadelphia, and may be seen at their yard in Kensington.

Counterfeit Money.—On Saturday last, a woman named Mary Roy alias Jane Lafferty, was arrested by Mr. Phillips, a broker, of Moyamensing, on whose wife, in his absence, she had passed a counterfeit three dollar note, purporting to be of the bank of St. Albans, Vermont, and made payable at the house of the Exchange Banking Company of New York. It appeared in evidence, upon examination before Alderman Loughhead, of Moyamensing, that she had attempted to pass money of the same kind at several places in the course of the day. Several notes of a similar character but bearing different dates of issue, were found upon her person at the time she was arrested. She was committed to Moyamensing.

It may be well to state that there is no such bank as the Bank of St. Albans, Vermont, in existence, and the issue of such notes is an entire fraud.

The Travelling Banks.—We learn by the Baltimore Sun that Colin Cummings, President of the late Exchange Bank and Savings Institution of this city, and his companion, Samuel Graybell, were re-examined on Saturday last. The notes found on Cummings were produced, and after being examined by two gentlemen, were pronounced to be *fraudulent*. It was then attempted to be proved that Cummings had passed some of them, and a girl was produced who had received one and who swore to the fact, which was otherwise substantiated. Cummings and Graybell were then bound over in $500 each, to answer at the next October term the charge of "passing and attempting to pass, as genuine, notes purporting to be the notes of a banking institution which does not exist." This offence, by the laws of Maryland, is felony, and punishable by imprisonment for not less than five, nor more than ten years. Graybell, when he found that he was to be re-committed, burst into tears, and protested that he was innocent of any wrong intentions.

Shocking Death.—Mr. Fleming a highly respectable forwarding merchant, of Carlisle, Pa. fell under the railroad cars while attempting to detach them, and had both legs nearly severed from his body, causing death almost immediately.

Murder.—Mr. Flavial Vivian, a respectable citizen of Washington county, was shot about a week ago, as he was sitting at the supper table. Suspicion is at a loss upon whom to fix the foul deed.

Robbery and Attempted Murder.—The Huntingdon (Pa.) Journal states that on Tuesday night week the tailor shop of Clark & Foust, of Shirleysburg, was broken into and robbed by a couple of villains known by the names of Stephen Nelson and Edward Clark. Nelson was arrested, but effected his escape. A night or two after, they both called at the residence of Capt. Jamison, who had assisted in the arrest of Nelson, and one of them fired a pistol at him, the ball of which passed between his shirt bosom and his breast; thus providentially escaping the hands of the assassin. One hundred dollars are offered for their apprehension.

NEW YORK.

Death by Hydrophobia.—Richard T. Jetur, aged 16, a son of Mrs. Jetur, of New York, was bitten in the thumb last April by a dog. The wound was dressed and healed, and no unpleasant effects were experienced until Tuesday last, when he was first attacked by symptoms which soon assumed the character of hydrophobia. Several physicians were in attendance, but their skill was unavailing; he died on Friday morning. Previous to his death he told his uncle that the bite of the dog had killed him. "It is in my thumb," said he, "I feel it, and if you have any children never let them play with dogs." In his spasms he would cry out "Oh! there is the dog—keep him from me."

The Female Penitentiary at Bellevue, (N. Y.) contains 71 convicts. The Female Penitentiary at Blackwell's Island contains 224. The Male Penitentiary at the latter place contains 232 convicts. The House of Refuge contains 158 boys and 58 girls—total 216. The Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island contains 200 persons—95 men and 105 women. There are in the Almshouse at Bellevue 2432 persons—1167 natives of this country, and 1265 foreigners. The City Prison contains 128—95 men and 33 women—16 of whom are in the debtors' department.—The "Nurseries" at the Long Island farm contain 776 persons—516 boys, 172 girls, 12 men and 76 women.

New York State Temperance Convention.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Rochester under date of August 16th, says:

Our city has been enlivened for two days by a State Temperance Convention. From 400 to 500 delegates have been present from most parts of the State, and we have had much interesting discussion and two large public meetings. By an unanimous vote the Convention have agreed to circulate petitions to memorialise the next Legislature to abolish the license law and protect the community against the evils of the tavern, bar and grog shop system. All seem disposed to follow in the wake of Tennessee and Massachusetts in this matter.

Martin Dawson, sentenced at Buffalo to seven years in Auburn prison, for grand larceny, escaped from jail the same night. Martin had no idea of chaunting—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the dale."

Rathbun, the forger in Auburn has, it is said, been released from hard labor as a convict, and expects shortly to be pardoned.

EASTERN.

Capt. Marryat, speaking of his visit to Lowell says,—"As young ladies are assembled here from every State in the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty, and it must be acknowledged that American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world."

During the month of July the Boston fire department was only twice called out—both false alarms. Easy times for the "fifty dollar men."

The loafers of Boston have sent a deputation to Professor Espy, to inquire whether he can't make it rain whiskey.

"Come ye Disconsolate."—An old bachelor in Windham village, Vermont, advertises that he will receive sealed proposals from old maids for entering into marriage contract. None under 35 years of age need apply, as he wants nothing to do with giddy, flighty, young things.

Long and Short.—There is a fellow down at Bangor so tall that he overreaches every body, and another so short that he can't pay his debts. *Boston Post.*

A man of the *just* medium is remarkable for paying all his debts and overreaching nobody.

Five dollar notes of the Bellows Falls Bank, Vermont, are counterfeited. The general appearance is dark, paper thin, vignettes coarse.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

By way of a *puff*, it would not be astonishing if the Bank itself should *blow up*, like most of its class, with a less windy name, one of these days.—*Ledger.*

The Fate of Fortune Hunting.—A breach of promise case is about to be commenced in Boston by a young and beautiful widow against her lover, who, having wooed and won her affections under the idea that she was heiress to the possessions in which she resided, deserted her on finding that she was only a domestic in the family.

Horrid Details of Insanity.—A Mrs. Barnard, a pious woman, member of the church at Andover, Mass. and wife of a respectable farmer, was attacked with a fit of insanity on Tuesday, seized one of her own children, a boy of ten years old, and nearly severed its head from the body; stabbed another, and then pursued, knife in hand, a woman who had rescued the children and fled with them to the road, where she stabbed another woman who came up, in several places, when she was at length secured.

A Preaching Family.—The Boston Transcript, in an article on the late death of the lamented Rev. Wm. Vincent Thatcher, says, "it is remarkable, that from the first of the stock who came over from the old country, in 1635—and *his* father was a minister also—down to the decease of our young fellow citizen, the line of ministers has been *uninterrupted through eight generations.* A tradition existed in the family of the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, of Attleboro', (ordained in 1748) that he was the *fourteenth o'dest son successfully employed in the sacred profession!*"

A Rival for Mr. Espy.—Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, on Tuesday evening delivered a public lecture at New Haven, on the tornado which lately passed over that city. On the following evening, Mr. Espy was to discourse on the same subject.

Wesleyan University.—At the anniversary celebration of the Wesleyan University, last week, the Rev. Dr. Olin, of Virginia, now travelling in Europe, was elected president, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Dr. Fisk.

WESTERN.

Marryat, in his new work, calls Cincinnati the pork shop of the Union.

Attack on Ardent Spirits.—The citizens of Louisville in town meetings have denounced the law sanctioning the retail of ardent spirits, as fundamentally wrong and eminently destructive of property, happiness, and virtue. A committee has been appointed to bring the subject before the next legislature of Kentucky.

SOUTHERN.

Florida about to protect herself.—The Governor of Florida has made arrangements with the Union Bank for a loan on the bonds of the Territory for a sum sufficient for the purchase of arms, provisions, &c. and the maintainance of a territoral force independent of the U. S. for the protection of the frontier. An application for arms and provisions made by the Governor to Col. Davenport, commanding U. S. forces, was refused.

George Poindexter, formerly a member of the United States Senate has removed to Texas.

Climate of Texas.—During the month of June the highest degree of heat at noon of any day was 96 in the shade, and the lowest 82. During eleven days of the month only did the mercury rise above 90 degrees of Fahrenheit.

In a thunder storm at Washington, D. C. on Thursday week, two churches and the residence of the Russian Ambassador were struck and a negro girl killed.

The Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—In the week ending the 5th inst. there had been received in the hospital *alone* fifteen cases, *nine* of which ended in death.

Cotton Crop of Louisiana.—Information has been received from several of the largest parishes in the State, which warrants the confident anticipation of a handsome yield. The only fear seems to be the continuance of heavy rains.—The abundant showers which have fallen lately, have sufficed to quicken the growth of this staple.

Attempt to Poison a Family.—The Charlestown, (Va.) Free Press states that the family of Mr. Raleigh Suleer, of that county, consisting of his wife and six children, were near losing their lives on Friday morning last, by arsenic being administered to them in the coffee served up for breakfast, by a young free negro girl in their employ.

Robbery.—The cabin of a schooner lying at Baltimore, commanded by Captain Macintyre, was entered about two weeks since by two youths, named Clanker and Elliot and robbed of $70. Elliot was arrested in that city on Sunday last, but the other escaped off to sea.

A Scoundrel Unhanged.—Some petty-larceny scoundrel recently sent us a false obituary notice of a respectable individual in the neighborhood of Maybinton. Hoping the hand writing might be detected, we sent it to the Postmaster there, who says that some one, doubtless the same villain, has been in the habit of sending indecent anonymous letters to respectable females in the vicinity. We trust the citizens will spare no pains to detect him, and send his name to us for public exposure.—*Columbia South Carolinian.*

Important from Florida.—The steamer Charleston, Love, master, arrived here yesterday with 46 Indians on board. They were captured on the 7th inst. at Fort Mellon, by Lieut. Hanson. The mother of Osceola is said to be among them. She is very old, with locks as white as wool. The prisoners are to be established at Castle Pinckney for the present. We do not understand that there was any fighting in making the capture, but two warriors in attempting to make their escape, were killed.—*Charleston Mercury.*

From Mexico.—By advices to July 25, we learn that the country was quiet, that Bustamente had returned to the capital and resumed the government, and Santa Anna retired to his estates. A despotic order has been issued exacting new duties from the merchants at Tampico, in addition to what they paid the Federal authorities, during the revolt. A conductor, with *two and a half millions of dollars*, had arrived at Tampico.

The Late Massacre in Florida.—Fears are entertained of the fate of Col. Harney. He escaped the massacre, but as he had not arrived at Tampa Bay, August 1st, though previously announced by the express rider as on his way, it is possible he has been waylaid and overtaken, unless he changed his course to Key Biscayune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Although it is calculated that wheat will be sold through the western States for fifty cents a bushel, or less, it is estimated that this year the United States will produce bread stuffs to the value of 10 millions of dollars.

Mackerel, which our fishermen complain are so scarce, have gone on a visit to the British provinces, as the bays and coves there are swarming with them, and great quantities have been caught.

A Substantial Compliment.—Accompanying a marriage notice sent for publication to the Watertown Jeffersonian, was a *five dollar bill* for the editor.

Things in Trenton.—The Trenton Emporium says:—On Monday, the 12th inst. our city was visited by a party of about 200 ladies and gentlemen, principally from Wilmington, Del. They visited Camp Washington in the evening and at night left for their homes.

The Salem Banner publishes the following receipt for Blackberry Syrup, and remarks that it has been long used in that vicinity with success, in most summer complaints:—

To two quarts of juice of blackberries, add the following pulverised ingredients.

1 lb. loaf sugar,
½ oz. nutmegs,
½ oz. cinnamon,
½ oz. cloves,
½ oz. alspice.

Boil altogether for a short time, and when cold add a pint of fourth proof brandy. From a teaspoonful to a wine glass, according to the age of the patient, is to be given at proper intervals, until relieved. But few adults would demur at such a beverage.

Romance in Real Life.—A servant of a British Colonel at Toronto, U. C. in order to desert to the other side, got himself intoxicated and boxed up and put on board as freight. On removing it at Coburg, the lid fell off, and the man was discovered having been thus fourteen hours in a state of agreeable asphyxia, stowed away in the hold.

A Duel.—We learn from the Baltimore Sun that an exchange of shots took place on Monday last between a Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy and a member of the medical profession from Washington. The lieutenant came off unscathed, and made business for the surgeon by slicing off a portion of the skin on the back part of the doctor's hand.

Mechanics are wanted in the West. Every country paper contains advertisements for them. A respectable looking person was yesterday seeking through the streets for blacksmiths and shoemakers, (men with families,) to go into the interior. The inducements are great. Are there no industrious men in the eastern cities, burthened with large families, who should sacrifice the city pleasures and try the prairies?—*Buffalo Journal.*

DENTISTRY.

We are informed by a scientific gentleman of a fact which may be of considerable importance to dentists, and to all who have the operation of plugging performed on their teeth. It is this—that when two sorts of metals are used in filling up the cavities of carious teeth,—tin and gold, for example,—a galvanic action takes place between them, the moisture of the mouth serving as a conductor. By this process the tin becomes speedily oxydised, and being stimulated by the galvanic action, causes irritation to the nerve of the tooth in which it is lodged, producing, of course, severe pain. One kind of metal should be used alone—gold, which is the least liable to be affected by acid, being the best.

If a good name, as Shakespeare declares, "is the immediate jewel of the soul," a good set of teeth is the same of the mouth. No degree of care or precaution then can be called useless which tends to preserve them, or which may be effectual in warding off that most painful of diseases, the tooth-ache—a species of torture by the way, which every one in his own case allows to be excruciating, but which he is little inclined to sympathise with when it fastens upon others. The action of different metals upon one another, in the mode mentioned above, is strictly in accordance with the well known properties of galvanism; and it is very probable that much suffering as well as the loss of valuable teeth may have been frequently caused by it.—*Balt. Am.*

GREAT EXCITEMENT.—ATTEMPT OF A CARMELITE NUN TO ESCAPE.

On Sunday morning about twelve o'clock, Sister Isabella, one of the nuns in the Carmelite Convent, Aisquith street, escaped from the convent and ran to several houses in the neighborhood, attempting to gain admission. She did not succeed in some and was repulsed from others, until finally she succeeded in gaining an entrance to the house of Mr. Wilcox, (one of the deputy wardens of the jail) in Aisquith street, near the nunnery. There she begged protection, and it was very properly granted. The novel sight of a female dressed in monastic costume running through the streets soon attracted a great crowd, and the excitement being fomented by the hints and inuendoes of those who live by plunder and revel in a riot, soon became intense. His honor the mayor was sent for and promptly repaired to the spot, and sent a messenger for Mr. Jeffers and the police, which summons was obeyed on the instant. The mayor appealed to the good sense of the crowd, and, after urging upon them the duty they owed to society by a preservation of the peace, asked if she should be sent to the Hospital. "No," cried a few scattering voices. "Shall she be sent to the Almshouse?" "No, no, no—send her to the Washington College." The hint was acted on, and she was accordingly, after the excitement had become somewhat allayed, placed in a hack, and under the escort of the mayor carried to that institution, where she has been placed in comfortable quarters.

The only cause she would assign for her conduct was that she wanted to get out, though she acknowledged she was well treated in the institution. From what we can learn, "Sister Isabella" is a lady of from 23 to 25 years of age. Her family name is Sarah Neal, and she is from Georgetown, D. C. where her family, which is of the highest respectability, resides. For many years she has exhibited symptoms of insanity, a malady that one of her brothers is now laboring under, and after her admission into the convent, the evidence of an alienation of reason became stronger and stronger, until she became so eccentric that at the advice of the physician of the institution, she was withdrawn from the school room and allowed to indulge in the solitude she seemed desirous to court. The arrangements made by the Mayor, are such as we have every reason to believe will preserve the peace, should there be any ruffians found in this community dastards enough to imitate the Boston mob and attack a household of weak females.

If there is any thing wrong in that convent, there is a tribunal to which the conductors of it are as amenable as is the humblest individual in the land, and a proper investigation will elicit the truth of the matter. But what judgment can a mob have who are goaded on by designing ruffians, their passions excited, and their reason blinded by prejudice? Such a scene we hope will never again disgrace Baltimore. Her true yeomanry have too great a regard for their own firesides and the honor of their fair city, to wage war against a dozen or two of women, and destroy the house that gives them a shelter and a home, and the means of earning an honest subsistence.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WARDROBE OF COOPER.

The wardrobe of Thomas Cooper, the Tragedian, was sold by auction, at N. York, on Monday. The whole stock was divided into 164 lots, some of which contained several, and others but a single article.

Lot No. 14, a buff kersey shirt and steel strap breastplate, white under shirt full dress for Virginius, was sold for	$7 00
No. 34 was a crimson satin Spanish shape, richly trimmed with spangles and studs, slashed with blue silk and satin,	15 00
Farther on the catalogue was a costly magnificent regal shirt, splendidly trimmed with silver and spangles,	35 00
A splendid black silk velvet Hamlet dress, jacket, fly trunks and mantle, most magnificently bugled,	75 00
A splendid white cloth Greek dress, richly trimmed with spangles and studs, crimson shirt and white do. trimmed,	35 00
A buff kersey and purple velvet Roman dress, elegantly spangled and trimmed with lions' heads,	35 00
A splendid coat trimmed with silver, a pair of breeches, and a foilstone spangled vest, for Sir Peter Teazle,	17 00
Lot No. 100 was a splendid suit of chain and stud armor complete, shoes, gauntlets, leg and knee pieces, all complete,	46 00
A complete Sir John Falstaff's dress, with stuffing and breastplate, hat, feathers, &c.	25 00
A regal robe of crimson silk velvet, richly trimmed with gold and silver, leather, studs and spangled,	15 00

Many of the articles of stage jewellery, trinkets, &c. were purchased not by professional people, but by citizens generally, as a memento of their former wearer. A handsome Greek sword, of a very antique pattern, said to have been made for Talma, richly mounted with silver, and cost when new $80, was knocked down to Edwin Forrest at fifteen dollars. A genuine Indian tomahawk was also purchased by Mr. Forrest. The jewellery and ornaments generally brought very high prices.

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank *in full*. To constitute a *frank*, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also. ☞

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Aug. 16, received from		*Aug. 19, received from*	
S. R. & L. Taylor,	$5 00	J. A. Gray, Esq.	2 00
Jared W. Servel,	2 00	Jno. Burall, Esq.	2 00
H. W. Bryan, Esq.	15 00	C. T. Denny,	5 00
P. W. Purviance,	3 00	E. H. Bruce, Esq.	2 00
Thos. W. Wright,	10 00	S. Da[illegible], Esq.	2 00
H. Stone, Esq.	2 00	G. Mosher, Esq.	1 00
Louis Maitland,	3 00	Seth Whalen, Esq.	1 00
Aug. 17.		B. K. Cranston, Esq.	1 00
W. S. Lippencott, Esq.	2 00	*Aug. 20.*	
J. P. King, Esq.	4 00	T. Morley, Esq.	5 00
M. Whitcomb, Esq.	2 00	D. Noble, Esq.	2 00
Aug. 19.		L. R. Hawkins, Esq.	2 00
J. C. Hubbert,	1 00	J. Gilbourne, Esq.	2 00
Adam Peters, Esq.	10 00	H. S. Chalmers,	2 00
Geo. Davenport,	2 00	*Aug. 21.*	
Trago & Davis,	2 00	V. Stryker,	2 00
John Hughs,	2 00	L. L. Pierce,	2 00
A. B Davis,	6 00	C. D. Smith, Esq.	2 00
D. Viall, Esq.	2 00		

LIST OF UNPAID LETTERS, remaining to our address in the Post Office:—

From Belleville, Ill. Aug. 5; Boonville, Mo.; Standford, Ky.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par
165	shares United States Bank,	108½a110	15
51	do. Philadelphia Bank,	102½a105	10
281	do. Mechanics Bank,	40½a42	3
258	do. Schuylkill Bank,	37a37½	5
326	do. Girard Bank,	43a44	50
25	do. Far. & Mechanics Bank,	57	50
4	do. Western Bank,	50	50
2	do. Kensington Bank,	54	50
186	do. Kentucky Bank,	78a79½	10
559	do. Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	36a38	10
59	do. N. O. Gas Bank,	15	25
38	do. Louisville Bank,	86	10
10	do. Exchange Bank, Pitts.	45	50
74	do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	47a48	5
28	do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	110	10
100	do. Phil. & Reading RR.	34	50
10	do. Phil. & Trenton R. R.	101½a103	10
116	do. Schuylkill Nav. Co.	96½a100	50

ALMANAC.

AUGUST, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
				D. H. M.
24 Saturday,	5 21	6 39	1 40	
25 Sunday,	5 23	6 37	2 3	
26 Monday,	5 24	6 36	3 19	
27 Tuesday,	5 25	6 35	4 8	Last 2 4 48
28 Wednesday,	5 26	6 34	4 58	New 9 4 18
29 Thursday,	5 28	6 32	5 50	First 17 3 37
30 Friday,	5 29	6 31	6 45	Full 24 4 27
31 Saturday,	5 30	6 30	7 44	Last 31 9 47

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives	ab't 5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western	[illegible]

Professor Eaton, of the Hamilton Theological institution, will preach for the First Baptist Church, (Sansom street) on Sabbath next, morning and evening, and will continue for several weeks.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Wm. Stewart, of Spring Garden, to Miss Emma Walton, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 15th inst. by the same, Mr. Wm. Supler, to Miss Mary Miller, both of Blockley, Pa.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. H. A. King, Mr. Wm. Kite, to Miss Mary Amos, both of Kensington.

On Thursday evening, 15th inst. at Wilmington, Del. by the Rev. Mr. Thorn, Jas. Musgrave, Jr. of Philadelphia, to Cornelia, daughter of John Sanderson, Esq. of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 12th inst. Mr. Roland Tomlinson, to Miss Elizabeth Callem.

At Grace Church, on the morning of the 20th inst by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Samuel T. Machette, to Lydia Hebrum Musgrave, daughter of Jos. P. Musgrave, Esq. of the city of Philadelphia.

In Baltimore, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Eccleston, of Baltimore, Mr. B. B. Simmes, of Avoyelles, La. to Miss Mary J. Kirk, of St. Mary's county, Md.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, Henry Maxwell, of St. Louis, to Caroline B. daughter of Jacob David.

On the 12th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr Wm Gatrell, to Mrs. Anne K. Bloomer.

At New Haven, on Wednesday, August 14, by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Ralph Voorhees, Esq. commander in the United States Navy, to Miss Harriet Ingersoll, daughter of the late Lieut. Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut.

At the residence of her uncle, Mr. Jas. Earle, Chesnut street, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. A. D Gillet, John Duncan, Esq. of Doylestown, Pa. to Miss Emily, daughter of the late William Henry Abbott, formerly of this city.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday, after a protracted illness, in the 61st year of his age, Zalegman Phillips, Esq.

At the residence of his uncle, John Maitland, Esq. on Sunday, 18th inst. Thos. F. Maitland, in the 20th year of his age.

On Monday morning, 19th inst. Elizabeth D. wife of Robert Stackhouse, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. at the seat of Manuel Eyre, Esq. Sarah Morris, infant daughter of Ellen and Dr. Charles Bell Gibson.

On Sunday night, 18th inst. Washington Irving, son of Saml. F. Watson, aged 8 years and 9 months.

On the 17th inst. William C. infant son of Jesse M. and Mary Ann Christopher, aged 4 months.

In Mauch Chunk, on the 15th inst. Mr. William Shufflebottom, of Philadelphia, in the 60th year of his age.

At Washington, on Thursday morning, Samuel Hamilton, Esq. aged 68, formerly an eminent Publisher and Bookseller in London, and for several years past resident of the former city.

On Saturday morning, 17th inst. after a long and severe illness, Miss Elizabeth Miller.

On Saturday morning, 17th inst. of consumption, aged 27 years, Mary Ann, wife of John E. Addicks.

On Sunday, 13th inst. Catherine Oliver, infant daughter of James and Ann Maria Pigeon.

On the 18th inst. after a severe sickness, which she has borne with christian fortitude, Mrs. Catherine, consort of Robert Parkham, in the 45th year of her age—much beloved by all who knew her.

On the morning of the 18th inst. Henry Lehr, in the 53d year of his age.

On Monday at noon, John Lyle, in the 39th year of his age.

On Saturday afternoon, 17th inst. Mr. Jas. Welsh, in the 25th year of his age.

On Friday, 16th inst. Benjamin Jones, infant son of Anthony S. and Anne E. Morris, aged one year and five months.

At Springfield, Burlington county, N. J. at the residence of her brother, D. Ridgway Stockton, on the [illegible] inst. in the 42d year of her age, after a protracted illness, of some months, Rebecca White, wife of Charles H. White, of this city.

Very suddenly, in Upper Saucon, Lehigh county, on the 5th inst. the Rev. Michael Landis, aged about [illegible] years. The deceased was a Minister of the Gospel of the Menonist Society upward of 35 years.

Suddenly, on Saturday, 10th inst. at her residence in Wilmington, Del. Mrs. Susan Rodney, relict of the late Hon. Cæsar Rodney, in the 63d year of her age.

On the morning of the 9th inst. at the residence of her mother, in West Chester county, New York, Lavinia, wife of George S. Birnie, aged 46 years and 3 months.

At Dresden, Ohio, on the 30th June, Mrs. Sophia Cass, aged 50, and on the 26th July, Mary Selden Cass, aged 13, and on the 8th inst. John Jay Cass, late of this city, aged 27 years, wife and children of George Cass, Esq.

On Monday evening, Mrs. Mary Weeks, widow of Capt. Wm. Weeks, in the 66th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. of consumption, Margaret Manlove, daughter of the late Capt. Manlove, of this city, in the 22d year of her age.

At Holmesburg, on the 19th inst. Nathaniel Lewis, aged [illegible] years.

On Friday, 16th inst. after a short but severe illness, Miss Esther Alexander.

On the morning of the 14th inst. Thos. B. Curtis, Esq. Drummondtown, Accomack co. Virginia.

At New Orleans, on the 14th inst. of yellow fever, Capt. M. Bebee, master of the ship Mississippi, of Newark.

At Point Petre, (Gaud.) on the 25th July, Captain Clement Ryder, late master of the brig Virginia; and on the 27th, Captain Adam Nickerson, master of the sconer Oneko.

At San Felipe, Texas, on the 23d June last, Mr. Coate Lewis, aged 30, a native of Philadelphia.

On [illegible] day morning, 21st inst. Margaret Morris, in the 63d year of her age.

On [illegible]sday evening, 20th inst. Mrs. Sarah Van Beuren, widow of the late Abraham Van Beuren, Merchant.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

Last Two Nights of

MONS. ADRIEN, JR.

MONS. ADRIEN, JR. will give an entertainment next week at the Museum, viz.—on Monday and Tuesday—natural Magic, Legerdemain, Juggling, and Phantasmagoria.—Mons. Adrien respectfully informs the citizens of Philadelphia that he will give an entertainment THIS EVENING, consisting of a great variety of tricks in Natural Magic, Legerdemain and Juggling, &c. with a change of [illegible]

PART I.—[illegible], composed of the following Tricks, viz: Grand Flight of the Handkerchief—The [illegible] Halls—the Fashionable Cook—The Invisible [illegible]—The American Orang—The Flower Vase—The [illegible] Sugar [illegible]—The Magic Box.

PART II.—[illegible] of Juggling, composed of several Novelties.

PART III.—Phantasmagoria or Nocturnal Apparitions in which will be several new paintings. [illegible] A Flying Head. A Group of Skeletons. 3. A Hobgoblin. 4. De [illegible]. 5. The Drum of Death. 6. Changing [illegible]. 7. The Return of Love. 8. Love [illegible]. 9. City Punished. 10. A Village. 11. The Sea and Seven [illegible]. 12. [illegible]. 13. The Passage of [illegible]. 14. [illegible] of Monsters. 15. The Departure of Judas. 16. The Cook. 17. The Magician. 18. The Flea on the Table. 19. The Sun. 20. Pluto, God of the Infernal Regions.

Admittance [illegible] cents, or five Tickets, if purchased during the day One Dollar.

☞ No person will be admitted on these evenings who does not produce a Ticket.

These two nights are positively Mon. Adrien's last in Philadelphia.

Mr. Love, the celebrated Polyphonist, or Many Voiced Musician, is engaged.

MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES

AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale, on 5th day, the 19th of 9th mo. (September,) in Abington township Montgomery county, one fourth of a mile from the Fox Chase, and nine miles north of Philadelphia, 12,000 genuine Morus Multicaulis trees in lots to suit purchasers. The above mentioned trees are of vigorous growth, and are not to be surpassed by any in the state, they are now on the premises of the subscribers and will be shown at any time before the sale.

The conditions of the above sale will be, one half of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the balance on the [illegible] of the trees, which must be previous to the 15th of November next.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

MARK WATSON,
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

8th mo. 19th, 1839. au 24—3t*

MR. AON'S SEMINARY,

For the Education of Young Ladies,

IN Fifth street, doors below Arch, will be resumed on the 1st of September next. In this seminary special attention is paid to the Spelling, Reading and Grammar of the English Language, Epistolary, Composition, the Constitution and History of the United States, practical mental Arithmetic.

The above constitute the foundation of an English education, without a knowledge of which a young lady cannot successfully [illegible] through life.

It will be steadily the aim of the principal, and those connected with him, to teach these branches so that the pupils may be useful.

The Seminary is supplied with Chemical and Philosophical apparatus, and a Cabinet of Minerals, so that in the Natural Sciences, every facility is afforded for communicating instruction.

Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, Latin, Greek, and the French language are taught by Gentlemen of eminence in their respective departments. au 24—3t

LITTELL'S SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES AND ANNUALS.

CONSISTING of the best parts of Blackwood's Metropolitan, New Monthly, United Service, Monthly, Dublin University, Johnstone's, and other Magazines, and of all the Annuals, and a higher part of the Museum of Foreign Literature.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FOR JULY.

Lazarillo De Tormes; Captain Wilbraham's Travels in Persia and Caucasus; Summer in Andalucia; Mrs. Hemans' Works and Life; Voyages; Sonnet—A Sonnet by R. H. Moderu and the British Soldier; Travels of Sir Anthony Sherley; Nicholas Nickleby; Jack Sheppard; The Watch; The Drunkard's Death; Popular Errors; Sing the Battle of Waterloo; Waterloo and the Model; The Coventers.—Hoorew Mahaby my Melancholy; The Rock of the Betrayed. aug 17—tf

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

RAN away from the subscriber, living in Pikeland township, Chester county, one mile from the Yellow Springs, on Thursday, the 8th of August, two apprentice boys to the Shoemaking Business, one named Isaac Wayne Davis, about eighteen years old; about five feet seven inches high; fair complexion; had on a straw hat and common clothing when he went, and took with him a snuff colored coat and pantaloons, two new shirts, and a few common clothes, and a common Watch.

The other about fifteen years old; about five feet high; dark complexion, dark hair named William Schneider, had on when he went a straw hat and common cloth, and took with him a black bombazet round about, brown pantaloons, two new shirts, a light vest quite new, small figured and a common Silver Watch, and a few other common clothe.

Any person that can give information of said boys, by sending a few lines to Samuel Van Horn, P. M. King of Prussia, Upper Merion township, Montgomery county, Pa. or to the subscriber, shall receive Ten Dollars for either, or Twenty Dollars for both.

au 24—3t* GEORGE J. ZIEGLER.

MORUS MULTICAULIS IN OHIO.

50,000 genuine morus multicaulis Trees, deliverable in October or November next, for sale by the subscriber. Also, 1,000,000 Silk Worm Eggs, of the Mammoth White, and common varieties. JOHN BOYDEN.

au 24—2m Brooklyn Centre, near Cleveland, Ohio.

MORUS MULTICAULIS IN VIRGINIA.

40,000 Morus Multicaulis trees, genuine, and also, 500,000 Silk Worm Eggs of the Mammoth White and other varieties, for sale by

PETER M. MERIWETHER,

au 24—2m Evergreen[illegible], Albemarle county, Va.

EUPHRADÆAN INSTITUTE,

For instruction in

Reading, Spelling and Singing.

THIS Institution is open for the reception of pupils, from the first of September to the first of July, inclusive.

A regular course of tuition embraces *Vocal Philosophy, Grammar, Ethics, Rhetoric, Logic, Music* and *Elocution*; but to those desiring it, instruction is given in either of the above branches.

The ELEMENTS, *Tuning of the Voice, Expression*, &c. receive special attention, as the success particularly of children, mainly depends upon the correctness of instructions given in the first few lessons.

IMPEDIMENTS, *Lisping, Stuttering, &c.* removed, and *Stammering Cured*, (unless in extreme cases) without extra charge.

For particulars, terms, &c. please enquire of

J. SANDERSON, A. M.

N. E. corner 9th and Race streets, Philadelphia.

N. B. As Music and Elocution are now taught in several of the leading schools in our country, upon the system prepared for this institution, teachers and other interested in education, are invited to call and examine. J. S.

au 24—3m*

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

[illegible]

AGRICULTURAL AGENCY.

[illegible]

NO APOLOGY FOR WIGS.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON J. SIMON,

[illegible]

CLERMONT BOARDING ACADEMY,

[illegible]

TO TAILORS.

[illegible]

JUST PUBLISHED.

[illegible]

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

[illegible]

DOMESTIC SILK AGENCY,

[illegible]

TO SILK GROWERS.

[illegible]

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF

A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.

IT has long been well known that the Sunflower (Helianthus) is profitable to the cultivator, the seed producing an oil equal if not superior to olive oil, for the table or druggist, and finds a ready sale in market at a greater price than the flaxseed oil; but the medicinal virtues of the leaf—like many other discoveries that minister to the comfort of man, was entirely accidental—an individual, laboring under an Asthmatic complaint, made use of the leaf in the way of smoking, having prepared the leaf and made into segars like those made from tobacco, from the use of which he received instantaneous relief, and in every case of coughs, colds, or oppression of the chest, where the segars made of the Sunflower leaf have been used they have given relief.

In Botany, the medicinal virtues of the leaf as a pectoral, and expectorant are well established. Its healing qualities to the breast and lungs, contrast strongly with those of tobacco, which possess none of those properties; but on the contrary is harsh, acid, bitter, and nauseating; and when used in the way of smoking, always proves more or less injurious to those who use it, and more especially in consumptive habits. Hence the Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, flatter themselves that if they can succeed in introducing a substitute for tobacco, a poisonous plant, whose action upon the human system is deleterious, for one which is mild and soothing—and possessing medical properties of a high order, they will confer a benefit not only to habitual smokers who are suffering from the practice of an inveterate habit, but upon invalids who may be induced to give the Sunflower Segar a trial. The Sunflower is a plant of vigorous growth, and may be cultivated in almost any soil, and has been extensively cultivated in some of the Southern States for the oil alone: but when the value of the leaf shall be added to the oil there is little doubt that in a short time the culture of the Sunflower will be found quite as profitable as the cotton crops of the South; and much more so than tobacco—for being a more certain crop—and suited to almost every variety of soil and climate, the planter will find it his interest to invest his capital and labor in the culture of a plant that will in a short time supercede the use of tobacco in the way of smoking.

The subscribers, Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, hold a number of original certificates, amongst which are the following:

I do hereby certify that through inclemency of the weather, my throat had become so hoarse that I could not make myself understood, after having smoked one of the Sunflower Segars, in thirty minutes I could converse with ease. GEORGE ROLLISSON.

Witness present,

NATHANIEL HAMILTON,

Hinkletown, Lancaster County, Pa.

The following list of names are on similar certificates, Dr. Winters, David S. Groff, John Lutz, Allen Yunt, Daniel Haitz, John Johns, Samuel Stauffer, Adam Wolf, Capt. Samuel D. Miler, Henry Stauteabarger.

The subscribers have now on hand a small lot of Segars from their last years stock, and have a considerable crop under their immediate cultivation, which with other arrangements they will be enabled to meet all [illegible]

[illegible]

CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

[illegible]

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

[illegible]

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

GILDER & MONROE'S

[illegible]

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,

[illegible]

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

[illegible]

☞ STOP THE RUNAWAY!

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 22d May, WILLIAM MERSER an indentured apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS. He is about eighteen years of age, dark complexion, short thick set, black hair and eyes, and of a *down look*. It is not known what kind of clothing he had on when he left, as he received the money due him for clothing the day before he decamped. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy at their peril. The above reward will be paid to any person returning him to the subscriber.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

3½ Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange will please insert the above. jn 15

DAVID SMITH, MERCHANT,

WATER Street, Paducah, Kentucky—Has constantly on hand a choice assortment of *New Goods*, such as *Hardware, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Queensware*, &c. suitable for the supply of STEAMBOATS, TRAVELLERS, &c. which he offers for sale on moderate Terms.

He has also for sale a number of

TRACTS OF VALUABLE LAND,

situated in the counties in the neighborhood of Paducah, Kentucky. These lands are very productive, in a fine salubrious climate and at very low prices. This region affords peculiar facilities for getting produce to market, and good prices [illegible] jn 16—tf

THE INDIAN'S PANACEA.

FOR the cure of *rheumatism, scrofula or king's-evil, gout, sciatica or hip gout, incipient cancers salt rheum, syphilitic and mercurial diseases*, particularly *ulcers* and painful affections of the *bones, ulcerated throat* and *nostrils, ulcers of every description, fever sores*, and internal *abscesses fistulas, piles, scald head, scurvy, biles, chronic sore eyes, erysipelas, blotches*, and every variety of cutaneous affection, chronic Catarrh, head ache, proceeding from any acrid humor, pain in the stomach and dyspepsia, proceeding from variation, affections of the liver, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and general debility caused by a torpid action of the vessels of the skin. It is singularly efficacious in renovating those constitutions which have been broken down by injudicious treatment, juvenile irregularities. In general terms, it is recommended in all those diseases which arise from impurities of the blood, or initiation of the humors, of whatever name or kind.

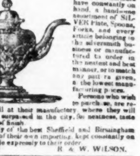
The value of the Panacea is most conspicuous in those long standing, and syphilitic and scrofulous affections, which have defied all other remedies, and particularly in those cases where mercury has been so lavishly used as to cause distressing pains in the bones, nodes, mercurial ulcers, derangement of the digestive organs, &c.—These it completely removes, and in all cases it entirely eradicates the diseases and effects of mercury, renovates the constitution, and leaves the patient sound and well. In rheumatism and in ulcerated sore throat, its happy effects are not less apparent, giving almost immediate relief.

Taken in proper doses, the Indian's Panacea operates as an alterative and [illegible]

[illegible]

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY.

South West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



[illegible]

MORUS MULTICAULIS

[illegible]

SILK AGENCY,

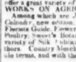
Burlington, New Jersey.

[illegible]

MULTICAULIS TREES.

[illegible]

TURNIP SEEDS.



[illegible]

SUPERIOR MULTICAULIS.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

[illegible]

THE GLOBE

Vartoy's the Xptes of Life,
Most given in the Universe.

"THE LAST OF THE LOAFERS."

'Tis the last of the loafers
Left sleeping alone!
All his cronies compromises
A sprouting sea grass;
He lies on the green grass,
His fur is the sky—
And the' he's thin laid low,
He's in truth rather high.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
A Charley did say,
A prey to mosquitoes;
So come right away,
To the south-house I'll take you:
You'll find lodgers there,
Who, like you, have been sleeping
Quite as long as the rest."

"How do they make silk of different colors?" inquired a young man of a reeled genius who was attending a concourse near Burlington. "Why, you know nothing, why was the answer," but I believe raw they warm via silk, they feeds the worms on the raw mulberry, and wen they weave black, try they feeds 'em black mulberry." "How do they get the other colors?" "Oh, the other colors? vy they dies the leaves jist the color they wants wen the worms is allowed to eat 'em."

HOW TO BE SILENT.—If you wish to speak, go into the company of those who speak little; but if you wish to learn silence, count the number of those who are eternally prating.

FAINT PERSUASIONS.—A young lady who was asked whom party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A GOOD HIT.—The Americans follow us in every thing.—*London Age.*

We must confess, Mr. Age, that our soldiers followed yours in the last war.—*London Journal of Commerce.*

CONSOLINGE.—A countryman wishing to agree, then with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor woman is gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you get there."

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a young gentleman about to take a wife like one embarking for the principal sources in France? Because he is going to Marry (Havre.)

REMARKABLE FEAT.—I once saw a Greek soldier dancing upon the end of one of the yards in a merchantman, without having hold of any of the rigging by her hands, until at last I was afraid he would fall and others had anticipated he must. No time was lost in attempting to rescue him, but it was, as no traces of him could be discovered. But while we were regretting his loss we perceived the gallant dancing at the bulker end of the deck; for it seemed like he had not stopped off, but thrown himself purposely into the sea, and had swam to a considerable distance under water. Then he gave a freak twelfth or by mod the dexterity of the ancient Greeks in diving, when during the siege of Troy, Ulysses, the Athenians swam under water, and sawed away the piles with which the mouth of the harbor had been blocked up.—*Dr. Elster's Journal.*

A Yankee boy and a Dutch boy went to school to a Yankee school master, who according to usage, examined,

"What is your name ?"
"My name is *Aaron.*"
"Spell it."
"Gron: A little *a-r-o-n.*"
"That's a man, take your seat."
"Next came the Dutch boy—" What is your name?"
"My name is Hiram."
"Spell it."
"Gruet Hanon, little Hanna, r-o-n."—"That's a man, sit down."

SICK HEADACHE.—It is said that three or four drops of *acetic acid* dissolved in sweet water, will freely relieve remedy for sick headache when it arises from a want of acid in the stomach. Whether it will be equally effective when the complaint arises from a superabundance of acid we are not so confident.

RINGWORM.—Yellow dock root steeped in vinegar, until the decoction is as strong as you can make it, and wash the ringworm with it three or four times a day. The a acid to be very efficacious for other humors.

CHOLIC.—This distressing disease may be relived immediately by applying to the throat a mixture of equal parts of camphor, acetic acid, with laudanum—Shake them well together before using.

DANDIES.

As I was passing my Westminster street the other day, I was very much annoyed at a few remarks made by two little urchins who were standing adjacent to me. They had just met one of our modern dandies, whose outer lip was pure considerably shaded with dark colored hair.

"What's that?" asked the younger lad.

"That," replied the other, "why that—that is—I don't know what they call it, but it belongs to the cat-kind."

"To the caravan [—why I wonder how it got lost! Perhaps, it will bark."

"No, I guess not; poke a stick at it, and see."

Not at all afraid, the brusher did run after it, and *really* poked a stick at it. "You impertinent little rascal," exclaimed the dandy, turning suddenly round, "beast, or I'll chastise ye, doin'me, if I will not."

"Her" cried the astonished urchin.

"Her"—yes, you here, twiggy, fibbern, diverate scamp; I'll absquatulate you in an instant"—and raising his foot too suddenly, to effection pumpose, he fell, both would have it, a seam gave way, and one leg of his pantaloons was entirely torn apart.

"Run tee boiler! burn tee boiler!" screamed the lads, and away they scampered.

The best of the joke was, three Indian stopped by the way, and witnessed the whole affair, apparently with much gratification.—*Providence Journal.*

MORE THAN A CLINCHER.—The Western Humorist in a happy and humorous manner, tells a story which throws the yarn about the suspicious flying off with a pound box completely in the shade. A man who left the pungent story he brings in a swarm of gallinippers, and the way the latter outdos the former in a terrible bout to the story. A fellow in the Kentucky burrow who happened to "lay out" all night, awoke in the morning covered with a swarm of southern gallinippers. He tried to push them off, but he found that they'd 20 inch bills were fast in his bones. Fortunately he had a jug of good stout cherry in his pocket, with which he clogged all these bloody critters' augers off close to their heads, and the next day he exhibited himself in a neighboring village as the "lashing pattern."

A cabin boy on board a steam-boat was called to be flogged for some misdemeanor; little Jack went trembling and crying along to the hold to be tied and "Won't you wait till I say my prayers before you whip me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then," said Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly—*I'll never say 'em.*

TOO SOON FOR A "STARTER."—The following brief discourse was overheard the other evening at the Bowery Theatre, between two of the supernumeraries of the theatre, who let themselves out to be used on the stage, at a quarter of a dollar an evening. It appears that they had been required to go in two pieces, in both of which they had to deliver themselves:

"I say, Jim, I can't stand this—can you?"

"No, I can't, it's like to itself, is—"

"No it is, darn'd if it isn't. I can't stand this no how you can do as you like, but I won't, I'll be off before I'll stand it. I was down here once before, and was like to have dying twice again in the same night, I tell you, it's too much for a gentleman."

ANECDOTE OF MUSIC.—The Boston Post says, a gentleman at the Pavilion, on Sunday took a carving-knife and cut off the finger nail of the wing of a chicken; he did not discover his mistake until he was choked by a ring on the wrong finger.

"To make possession at home, ladies," said a female to her visitors one day. "I'm at home, myself, and wish you all were."

"Dick, you have got a hole in your trowsers." "Well, who cares ? It will wear longer than a patch." "Yes," says Dick, "and wider too."

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mr. Taylor, the celebrated auctioneer and preacher of Boston, once visited the following anecdote. A poor woman who had once seen better days, but was finally reduced to the necessity of her husband, to resort to the means to earn a scanty subsistence for herself and little children. At length, however, heart broken and desirous, she was induced to purchase a lottery ticket, with the hope that, if she should be successful, her husband might once more be induced to abandon his intemperate habits. To her unspeakable joy, the ticket came a ninety-nine of fifteen! Frantic with delight she threw open her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Oh my husband, now we shall be happy; now we shall live as we once used to; now I have drawn a prize in the lottery!"

"Don't be too sure of that, woman," said the wretch, looking her in the face with the utmost composure, "Don't be too sure of that; for I found the ticket in your drawer, and gave it to Mr. ——, for a guess of rain." The emotions from sudden joy to sudden grief was so great that, no sooner had he concluded than the unfortunate dropped to the floor a corpse!—*Alas!* these stones, touching as they are, are sometimes sadly realized.

FASHIONING TIMBER.—The simple method of placing all wood used for building purposes in a small pond at least water a board to be of unchangeable advantage. After the timber is cut to the size required, it is immersed in the lime water for two or three weeks, according to its size. Wood that is known to rot in from three to seven years has been found to be perfectly sound after the lapse of more than forty years. Carpenters have found no working such wood, that their tools quickly become dull, which is owing to the acid of the wood crystalizing by combining with the alkali of the lime.

"Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret."

COACHES TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

An anecdote of Charles Matthews.

"In new some five or six years past, the we were standing together at a large window of "The Crown," at Greenham, where he had slept on our way to Dorchester, when the grandiloquent announcement of "Coaches to all parts of the world," displayed in great gold letters, on a little office opposite to us, caught his eye. In a moment he dressed our attention to the advertisement, then pulling a letter which he had hastily transformed him into a wizened little Frenchman of "the old regime," hurried down stairs and crossed the street; we followed to enjoy the fun.

There were several persons in the genius Cadger lounging about the office, when "Monsieur" shuffled in, and, with a low bow to the landlord, exclaimed "Ah! mon mais le go zon pla-ce."

"You place-ourselves, sir, what do you?"

"Mon cher Jack, je veux mon pla-ace, but vos pla-ces—you un-age."

"Oh, I see place, two stages. Inside, five shillings; out, three and sixpence."

"Ah, vous comprend Monsieur, ingrily."—Rire en le book for Tombouctou."

"Tombouctou!" cried the Jack in office.

"Tombouctou," answered his tormentor.

"Tombouctou," repeated the landlord of such a place down this road. Did thee, Jack?" turning to the new-comer.

"Pray, is it on only his forrmmering pronunciation," observed Jack.

"Tombou—Timbuc"—repeated the official, running his finger up and down the back of a dog's-eared book of roads.

"What country is it in, sir?" inquired he, at last, looking up with a seriousness which baffle any gravity.

"Counter! Ilaire bleu!—Vat you vant vid counter? I vant to go to Tombouctou—not to stop at de Counter—not of mull interior of Afrique—Bah! counter!"

"Africa?" cried the official.

"Halreche!" shouted the code.

"Africa!" repeated Monsieur.

"Bah! doesn't you see counter on that line o' road now, sir," obliged at last the landlord, with a look of wrath, who chuckled all like chicken at him.

"Then, vat ter ery pee up dere for?" "Coaches to all part of the world"—exclaimed the pseudo Frenchman, in a towering passion, throwing down the office-keeper seemed dumb-founded, and the cute landlord, with a look of pity, "Then you vil take ten Tombouctou—you vil take me dere I vil go. Vel I vil vish on de Counter to take me dere, I vil go in de coach, and you vil take me dere."

And he went on smothering his voice in the vehemence of abuse, and forcing him in a torrent of ludicrous embarrassment, which was in a wonderful degree heightened by the fact of the little, evident enjoyment of a crowd of listeners, whom his pas-ionate expressions had brought to the door.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

ANGORA, OR THE PATTLE OF THE TURKS, AND THE TARTARS.

BY THOMAS STEWART STARR.

To succand Greece, to Europe's coast,
Bejated lei his conquering host,
And like the thunderbolt in for or,
Fate, death, and ruin marked his course.
But now he meets in war's alarms,
A rival worthy of his arms;
Lo! Timour comes," the scourge of God,"
A million Tartars, wait his nod,
With India's spoils, in triumph bright,
They thunder on the plains of Asia's right.
As near each foe to combat drew,
Ali Asa trembled at the view.
The heavens with mighty change resound,
And hideous slaughter strews the ground:
All day, the maddening hosts maintain,
The doubtful conflict on the plain;
But look! the signal banner soon
On high displays it's fateful gems,*
The exhausted Turks, with terror dumb,
Behold the motto, "*le! I come!*"
His guards of honor, Timour leads,
With gems, and gold, their fiery steeds
Adorned a flashing radiance yield,
And fifty thousand shake the field,
Earth echoes to the barbarous cries,
And drums, and cymbals pierce the skies.
From as he ranges home to home,
Bajazet met the earthquake shock;
His Janizaries still maintain
The dangerous work, with might and main,
Their Sultan, doomed to conquest born,
Now, and reverse! is caged in scorn;
Thus, Timour leads, in triumph proud,
And dashed his life-blood on the bars.
Even thus, though desperate be the fight,
The strong must woe to conquer might,
The furious yield to fiercer rage,
When Moloch Satan dares engage!

*Just before the engagement commenced, Timour, or Zamerlane, sent word to Bajazet, that when he got the game banner displayed, he would meet him in battle.

FAIRY RINGS.

In August, fairy rings in the grass are more conspicuous, of which Mr. Howitt gives by far the most plausible account we have any where seen—more than plausible, we think it is quite unanswerable in its facts, and such as seem adequate to explain the effects. The rings and semi-circles abound in moist fields, but the insects are a consequence of the rings, and not the cause of them, for when land is ploughed they will be insects to devour them. The commencement is, indisputably, nothing but a small mushroom, made by the rubbish of caste lying out all night, where fine deposited, till it becomes incorporated with the soil. This mushroom is a white, downy grass springs, and in the centre a crop of fungi appears in a circle round it. The business of the fungi is to spread. The next year the turf is found to leave a green circle, of a darker hue than the rest of the grass, and already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year, extending further and further, and by common grass, and successive crops of fungi rising in the circle, until the ring is complete.

That only a few tufts are converted into fairy rings has been accounted for on the principle that another mushroom destroys both; but that all fairy rings have, though true, is nevertheless as humiliating as any one of the theories we have met with.

Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy.

AS A PROOF OF THE GOOD WILL.—Mr. H. exclaims and not without reason, against the shutting up of the doors of country gentlemen's seats. The liberal, generous spirit of country gentlemen would gladly keep the world in countenance, but the fear of being imposed upon one who crosses a field. Trespass formerly meant nothing but a passage from one field to another, but now to be seen in an enclosure is enough to constitute a trespass, and to be seen in a shrubbery or pleasure grounds have had influence to get such an appearance destroyed. Even the fear of being imposed upon with authority to carry a gun, has driven many worthy men executors. The old fashioned country gentleman is out of the country, out of the laws will say safety.

THE SCHOLAR.

The world is not but he must possess it by paying himself into harmony with the constitution of things. He must be a soldier, a politician, a priest, a diplomatic soul. He must come see solitude as a to do. He must have the gates of the world barred in his face, and encounter must be overcome enough, his own private interest, his own passions, his own egotism, before he will be strong and silent! That he may become acquainted with his own mind, he must be a student of books, a lover of nature, a dreamer for the crowd, for dailies, he is not in the least degree, but he learn to be a master. He must be a man, for, therefore, your soul expel communion; and in order to do that he must be a man of the world, a citizen nor full and fair within, like forest trees and coral formations, which grow equally in every direction. They must meet your fellow men, you can communicate, and they will delight to receive you. Be sure of this, that only that you may presently come into public: such a man will be welcome to the public, and that only that can public experience, but they will be found as a man of the world, and then those public experiences, of which they have been detrauded, will be restored to them. It is the public, therefore, that thought which is the superiority demanded of you: Emerson's Oration.

WOMAN.—The following is a fine passage, but we are unable to explain its meaning:

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover its unprotected breast by spraying on its pinions—so it is the nature of women, to hide from the world the plumage of wounded love. Even in the hour of the heart has failed. The great charm of woman is her weakness. The proud man is but a savage, and you find humiliation sweeping over her countenance, when you discover that she has been betrayed into a momentary exhibition of strength. Her beauty, her delicacy, her softness, her timidity, her fears, her very bashfulness, her gentle dependence, her slender waist and small hand, her little feet, her soft voice, her tears, her accomplishments, her ignorance, her very helplessness, all unite to form a picture of loveliness, which is the perfection of human nature. Her strength is derived from the weakness of her heart, and her power from her dependence